

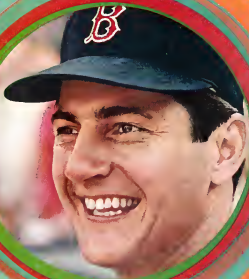
SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 25, 1967

40 CENTS

PRO FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIPS • THE BOWLS
SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR CARL YASTRZEMSKI



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A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding & that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified & that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them & that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses & that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us & that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Journalism has been defined as "a true report," an ideal more often aspired to than attained. One of the more accomplished practitioners of this demanding craft is Edwin Shraike, known as Bud to his friends. You may recall the story he did last spring (SI, May 8) on Muhammad Ali's refusal to be inducted into the armed forces. Because of the emotional factors involved it was a difficult one to do, but Shraike's article was a superior example of clear and factual reporting. In other

people. He put the overworked traditions and stereotypes of the Plains Indian out of his mind; he revisited the land and he read and reread old diaries and journals and trail reports, and he found out for himself how things looked and sounded and smelled back then. He deromanticized the myth and then re-created the era, affectionately and honestly. As you read the result of his labors, you cannot help but feel that this, too, is a true report.

If Shrake has deromanticized an area of myth, the Ford Motor Company has romanticized an area that used to be considered nothing but cold, hard business. Bob Ottum's lively account of Ford's activities in auto racing (page 28) and Jim Drake's opulent cavalcade of photographs (page 33) reveal a company-wide feeling for cars that goes beyond costs and sales and profits. Certainly, Ford's basic reason for entering the unpredictable arena of racing is publicity, and, of course, increased sales and profits as a result of racing are ends devoutly to be wished by the brass at River Rouge. But even so, Ford is gambling every time it races, putting its name and its reputation right on the line. It is a sporting gamble and, really, a romantic story, and we thank Ottum and Drake have done a first-rate job of presenting it.

er words, a true report. In other words, journalism.

Shrake is a writer of fiction as well as a reporter, and an excerpt from his second book, a historical novel called *Blessed McGill*, which is being published next month, begins on page 60. Shrake's story of a buffalo hunt conducted by a tribe of Indians and one white frontiersman (the McGill of the title) has such validity and immediacy that you know at once, on reading it, that this must have been the way it was when the buffalo roamed the plains and the Indians went out to kill them for food and clothing and whatever else they could salvage from the massive carcasses. Shrake knows the country where the hunt takes place—the Texas panhandle—and he knows the



1993) and the *in vitro* (Hawthornthwaite et al. 1993) and *in vivo* (Hawthornthwaite et al. 1993) effects of the herbicide on the growth of *Phragmites* and *Spartina* spp. are not known.

This is our Special Holiday Issue—one reason why plums like the stories mentioned above are included. Our next issue, January 8, will be on the newstands January 3, so we take this opportunity to wish all of you not only a very Merry Christmas but a New Year of peace, happiness, prosperity and all good wishes come true.

Lang Park

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Credited on page 73

Next issue

THE PRO PLAYOFFS pick the champs to meet the champs in the Super Bowl. Tex Maule covers the NFL, Edwin Strake reports on the AFL and the best plays are reproduced in color.

SNOOPY, the world-famous golf pro, flies his doghouse jet to the Crosby where he finds Pebble Beach has all kinds of surprises in store, whether the golfer be a Palmer or a Beagle.

KEROUAC THE HALFBACK is revealed for the first time as a memoir by the leader of the Beat Generation, who describes his playing days on stadiums and on a Columbia scholarship.



Most of the limousine comes with the convertible. The most desirable luxury features of the Cadillac Fleetwood 75 Limousine can be found in the DeVille Convertible. Like all Cadillacs, they share the all-new 472 V-8—biggest, smoothest engine ever put into a production car. They also share a host of Cadillac refinements, such as concealed windshield wipers and rich, tasteful interior appointments. Your authorized Cadillac dealer will be more than happy to point out a number of others.

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SCORECARD

POOR GAMESMANSHIP

The new outburst by Harry Edwards, the assistant professor of sociology at San Jose State who is leading the movement for a proposed Negro boycott of the 1968 Olympic Games, succeeded in its objective of making headlines last week. Whatever the merits of his widely varied charges of discrimination, it is deplorable that sport should become a political battleground in this way.

The latest of Mr. Edwards' demands is the resignation of International Olympic Committee Chairman Avery Brundage, whom the professor sees as "a devout anti-Semitic and anti-Negro personality." Brundage has been shipwrecked on a variety of platforms for 35 years. Edwards may be a tough baby, but he has hooked into another.

SUBMERGED IN HISTORY

French Minister of Culture André Malraux has proposed, in the interest of art, that members of the Paris City Council don wet suits, strap scuba tanks on

thor backs and plunge into the Seine River.

Malraux wants the city fathers to go skin diving for the stone figures of the "kings of Judah" which once adorned the facade of Notre Dame Cathedral. The statues, which really were not kings

MARCHING IN

There probably has never been a sports franchise that received a bigger or more profitable reception than the New Orleans Saints, the new entry in the National Football League. The club finished its home season with an average attendance of 75,463, which made it the second biggest attraction in the league. New Orleans rioters have been explosively noisy to the dismay of referees and visiting players—the game against Dallas was delayed 10 minutes, as Al Hart, one of the team's owners, trumpeted up those sweet sounds of enthusiasm and officials called for quiet.

Another statistic of local exuberance is that Saints fans have bought 75,000 pennants, which is twice the number sold in any other NFL stadium this year. The Humble Oil company, which gives away Saints emblems, has had more than 30,000 requests for them.

To house its wonderland, the city has just announced it will build a \$46.4 million domed stadium that will seat 80,000 football fans (Houston's Astrodome cost \$31.6 million and accommodates only 52,000). Meanwhile, the club's present landlord, Tulane University, is reaping big-league profits from the rent of the Sugar Bowl and the concessions. Its gross from the Saints home games was more than \$425,000. Who says pro football hurts colleges?

A LOT OF GAS

The Committee for the Winter Olympics issued a comprehensive six-page bulletin on the Olympic flame, explaining

how it would be "lit by mirrors from the sun of Olympia" and then transported from Greece to Grenoble via an Air France Boeing 707. A particularly detailed passage of the release deals with special equipment—some of it designed just for the occasion—to preserve the flame. It will be transferred to a miners' lamp for the airplane trip from Athens and, we are told, "the Flame will burn in identical lamps in the vehicles of the escorting convoy in case the main torch should go out. Wax tapers will be used to transfer the flame from the miners' lamps to torches. From one relay to another, the flame will be carried by means of metal torches working on propane gas.... These torches weigh about 1 kilogramme 750 if one counts the gas refill which weighs about 250 grammes.... Urns will be used as receptacles for the flame at each halting-place. They will also be kept alight by means of 8 thirteen kilogramme bottles of propane gas.... The urns in the Opening Stadium will be placed at the top of a tower 25 metres high. The flame will be 2 metres 50 high. It will be necessary to install reservoirs with a capacity of from 1 T 750 to 3 T 500 to feed the urns in Grenoble and in the Dauphiné resorts. The total anticipated consumption is 35 T of propane."

Word came from Olympia last week that the torch had been lit, but not by the sun. The ceremony was held indoors, and we suppose they used a match.

(NORTH) POLE POSITION

For the benefit of those not on his Christmas mailing list, this is to report that Andy Granatelli's yuletide card shows his controversial turbine racing car, festooned, naturally, with STP decals and being driven by, naturally, old Santa. But was that enough for Indy impresario Andy? Not nearly. The message says, "Best whooshes for the holidays."

THE MAKING OF A CHAMPION

The National Collegiate Athletic Association has been quietly assessing the possibility of holding a series of postseason playoffs to determine a national collegiate football champion. The matter will be discussed in detail during the NCAA convention in New York next month and, although a number of technicalities would preclude playoffs before the 1969 season, support for a champion-



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Word came from Olympia last week that the torch had been lit, but not by the sun. The ceremony was held indoors, and we suppose they used a match.

ship tournament is gathering. In the past college presidents have tended to oppose any such playoff for a variety of scholastic and policy reasons, but many of their objections may be answerable—and the huge television fees might be hard to turn down.

The plan being discussed at present would call for the champions of five major conferences—the Big Ten, Big Eight, Southeastern, Southwest and AAWU—and three at-large teams to compete for the title. Four games would be played on the first Saturday in December. The semifinals would be held on the third Saturday in December, and the final on New Year's Day. The championship game would be moved around the country, perhaps being played first in the Rose Bowl, then the Orange Bowl, etc. Ideally, from the NCAA standpoint, the early games might replace some of the lesser bowl games. Nothing, however, would prevent there being bowl games on New Year's Day, nor is there any suggestion that the NCAA would be against bowl games in competition with its championship game, just as any bowl game has competition on New Year's Day now.

Already there are rumblings from some Midwest faculty advisers opposing any playoff system, but this idea deserves much more thought than any such peremptory objections indicate. The NCAA is to be commended for studying the matter. There are NCAA championships in almost all other sports. Difficult as the problem is, it is time to see if there is not some way football could have a champion, too.

THE HEIGHT OF LUXURY

Some seasons it doesn't even pay to suit up, or so it must have seemed to the defending-champion Chicago Black Hawks when they were wobbling in fifth place recently. They couldn't even get their publicity gimmicks to work. Last summer Owner Bill Wirtz got a bright-red idea. He decided to import two 1946 London buses, at a cost of \$7,000, to shuttle hockey fans to the stadium from the Bismarck Hotel, which he also owns and where he dishes up pregame dinners. The buses were delivered to a Chicago dock and transferred to a nearby garage for refurbishing and a scarlet paint job, which cost an additional \$5,000. But when they were ready for service it was discovered that they were

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

too high (14' 7") to fit underneath the 14' viaducts leading into downtown Chicago. The Hawks' publicity man, Don Murphy, was sent out with a long pole to measure all possible routes into the city, and he finally found one the buses could use—via Gary, Ind. The buses are now operating and are a success. Well, almost. As Wirtz says, "We never took into consideration the fact that the exits are on the left side. We have to discharge our fans into the middle of the Warren Avenue traffic."

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD

To cope with Mexico City's high altitude, Olympic teams will bring along numerous doctors, but Britain's yachtmen—who will, of course, compete at sea level—have requested a physician all their own. They say they have a recurring problem—seasickness.

POINTLESS

The Arizona Athletic Commission has decided to announce point scores at fights after each round "to circumvent collusion among judges who always seem to come out almost even" and to give officials enough time to collect and announce the verdict, the traditional minute-long time-out between rounds has been extended to a minute and a half.

The commission should have changed its judges instead of the rules. The man in good condition will be penalized, and local fighters who become accustomed to the longer rest will be afflicted adversely when boxing out of state.

Aside from that, judges as weak as those with which Arizona seems to be afflicted could easily be influenced by booing if highly partisan fans should disagree with their scoring. An additional consideration in a 10-round bout: the boxer who wins the first six rounds will be interested solely in bicycling away from a possible knockout in the remaining four. Forget it, Arizona.

THEY SAID IT

- Jimmie (The Greek) Snyder, giving his line on the Rose Bowl: "O J. Simpson is even money to score more points than the Indiana team."
- Hank Stram, Kansas City coach, to New York Jets officials after a pregame inspection of the turf in Shea Stadium: "How much money did you make out of the rodeo here?"

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Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 28, 1997

THE YEAR OF THE RAM

It ended, as predicted, on a triumphant note. Dominating Baltimore in every way, Los Angeles smothered Johnny Unitas to hand the Colts their first defeat and win the Coastal Division title

by **TEX MAULE**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER DODD JR.



The Los Angeles Rams last Sunday fulfilled what certainly were the two best long-range prophecies of the year. Before 77,277 delirious Californians in Memorial Coliseum, the Rams demolished previously undefeated Baltimore 34-10, just as their optimistic coach, George Allen, had said they would. They would go all the way, he had predicted as the season began, and when his team's prospects grew dim after an early-season tie with Baltimore, he delivered himself of a second thought: the race would come down to the last game and the Rams would beat the Colts. The race did, and the Rams, an exceptional team

all season, did. Baltimore, which would have happily accepted the gift of a Christmas tie, wound up the season, ironically, with but one loss and no glory.

The Rams victory was built on excel-
lence in all the facets that comprise pro football: a marvelous defense which dogged John Elway unmercifully, dropping him seven times as he attempted to pass and forcing two key interceptions; a superior offensive line which protected the Ram quarterback so effectively that he was never on his back; and, finally, special teams which twice came within a hair of blocking Colt punts.

But in assessing what brought the

Rams to the title in the Coastal Division and one step closer to the Super Bowl

most credit must be given to a strong, tall quarterback who has been criticized throughout much of his professional career for a strange indecisiveness that often cost the Rams interceptions and losses. This season Roman Gabriel, playing all the way as the No. 1 quarterback, has taken his place among the game's finest leaders. And his performance last week was easily his best of the year. Completing 18 of 22 passes for 257 yards and three touchdowns, Gabriel directed the sure, controlled attack of the club with cool competence.

continued

Under heavy pressure, as he will go, offensive. Under barely hits the ball away before frenzied rush of Baltimore's Tyrone Mervis (right).



Roman Gabriel is a proud man with a sure sense of his own ability, and he has imparted this feeling to the Rams. Allen's game plan was not a complicated one. He had decided that the Rams could move against the Baltimore defense on short passes, draw plays and sweeps, and Gabriel mixed these ingredients to perfection. Accused in the past of being unable to find a second receiver when the primary one was covered, he threw an 80-yard scoring pass in this game to Jack Snow on a play in which Bernie Casey was the intended receiver. He threw a nine-yard pass to fullback Dick Bass on the same pattern to keep a drive alive and, finally, on the same call to Casey, he threw a 26-yard touchdown pass to Tight End Bill Truax. Untas could not have done it better.

"His improvement over the year has been extraordinary," Casey said after the game. "We have perfect confidence in him, and he has perfect confidence in the huddle. He has gained a certain majesty during the season, and it has rubbed off on all of us."

"I'm a better quarterback now than I was last year," Gabriel said. "I learned to read defenses last year. Before that I was a one-quarter quarterback, and no one can develop without playing more than that. I took a lot of criticism, and some of it helped. But the big help is the fact that I'm playing with 39 believers. The team believes in me."

His newly won confidence only partially explains Gabriel's success. Physically he is unusually gifted. He stands 6'4", weighs 230 pounds and is one of the few quarterbacks in football who can shake a blitzing linebacker and still get a pass off. Sunday he tore away from a would-be tackle by Ordell Brause after spending what seemed endless seconds evading the strong Colt rush, then found Casey with a beautifully thrown long, flat pass for a key 25-yard gain to the Baltimore 12-yard line. A play later he fired another pass through a crowd into the arms of Truax for the touchdown that put the Rams ahead 27-10 and insured the Ram victory.

The few long passes Gabriel threw against the Colts were notably different from the sky-high balls he threw—and had intercepted—against Green Bay the week before. Sunday's deep passes traveled on such a flat trajectory that Colt defenders had no time to congregate under them when they came down.

"For three weeks," said Gabriel, "I've been working on passing in my old way. I had been lofting the ball, and against the Packers it nearly cost us the game. Now I fire anything over five yards."

The Ram defense, as usual, was superb. Designed to get to Untas in a hurry, it worked so well that the Colt quarterback rarely had time to find other receivers when the first man was covered. In Baltimore, earlier in the season, the Rams' front four had stunted often, with the end circling in and the tackle out, but this time they played it straight. "Those stunts hurt us in Baltimore," explained Roger Brown, the massive tackle. "So we decided that we would simply depend upon brute force if necessary."

Even in the face of the unusually varied offensive sets used by the Colts, brute force paid. Baltimore came out in a double wing, in an I formation with Tight End John Mackey as the I's front man, in spreads and sometimes with a man in motion.

"They didn't bother us any," said Maxie Baughan, the linebacker who calls the Ram defensive signals. "We weren't even surprised by the coveyed I, although the Colts haven't used that set in a long time. We like for them to go into a lot of offensive sets. It means they have more opportunities to make mistakes and more to think about. We were as well prepared for this game as a team can be. All week long the coaches worked into the night getting ready. I know George would call me nearly every night with some new idea he had worked out. It was a wonderful job of planning."

Considering the enormous importance of the game, the two teams were remarkably relaxed during the week preceding it. Working out at their plush training camp at Blair Field in Long Beach, the Rams paid strict attention to the meticulous plans of Coach Allen, but the big defensive foursome—the front line of Brown, Lamar Lundy, Merlin Olsen and Deacon Jones—sang a brief song before taking the field each day, as they have all through this season.

"Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, we sing 'We shall gather in Miami, beautiful, beautiful Miami,'" Brown explained. "On Friday," he went on, "we change it. We sing 'Super Bowl, oh Super Bowl, how lovely is this paycheck.'"

For the Rams, this had been the best season in club history, win or lose

against Baltimore. For the Colts it had been even more rewarding. They were the first team in the NFL, since 1934 to go 13 regular-season games without defeat.

"Some ways it's a shame," one Ram veteran said. "I mean if we're in any other division with this record, we win the championship two weeks ago. Here we lose only one game, and damned if we don't have to win on Sunday or get shut out of everything, even the second-place game in Miami. I figure we'll win, but something's wrong when it comes out that way."

Jones, the vicious defensive end who finished second to John Untas, a distant second—in balloting for the league's Most Valuable Player, was deeply sensible of the honor. "You got to go with the man for No. 1," he said. "But how about me being No. 2? I never even considered I'd get a vote, because they just don't vote for defensive linemen. I guess it's a good thing I didn't win it or I'd be in a trance all week."

Brown grinned at him. "Don't get so high, man," he said. "You ain't No. 1, You're No. 2. You got to try harder. You get your shot at No. 1 on Sunday."

"Maybe after Sunday I'll demand a recount," Jones said.

No. 1 took his nomination in stride. Untas is not an emotional man, and the many honors and records that have come his way in his years in pro football



have left him untouched. "It's nice," he said. "But I don't get excited about things like that. What counts is if I do my job and we win."

The Colts arrived in Los Angeles on Thursday night. The high school field where they were to practice was accidentally flooded by a faulty watering system, and Rams President Dan Reeves offered to arrange for another practice site, but Colt Owner Carroll Rosenbloom declined.

"You probably have the other field boozy-trapped with land mines and barbed-wire entanglements," he said. "We'll dry this one out and work here."

The Colt game plan, of course, was designed to take advantage of football's best quarterback enjoying one of his best years. Unitas had gained 3,222 yards throwing the ball before this game, despite the fact that the Colts' two most experienced receivers—Jimmy Orr and Raymond Berry—missed most of the season with injuries.

Baltimore planned to work on the Rams' Clancy Williams, a cornerback, with short passes to the inside after setting him up with squarerouts to the sideline. "Clancy's real outside conscious," one player explained. "He almost gives you the shade. If he does, we'll take it." Quick passes to John Mackey over the middle figured in the Colt game plan, too. Mackey is one of the best tight ends in football and a formidable runner once

he has caught the ball. "I nearly broke a couple of big ones in the game in Baltimore," Mackey said before the game. "Just a step or two and I'm gone. Maybe I'll get the step Sunday."

Anticipating the stunts the Rams front four customarily uses, the Colts worked hard on perfecting delayed runs designed to catch the defensive line moving. And since this had involved considerable success in handling the big foursome before, the Colts' offensive linemen expected to be equally effective in Los Angeles.

Like the Rams, the Colts, too, seemed obsessed with the injustice of it all. "It's a hell of a note to have an unbeaten season and come down to the last game with the whole thing riding on one Sunday," said Brause, the defensive team captain. "But we've had a lot of bad breaks during the last three seasons. I figure it's time we got a good one."

Unhappily for the Colts, they got no breaks. It is, in fact, doubtful that any kind of break could have stopped the Rams on Sunday. Lenny Lyles, the talented Baltimore defensive back, was as ungrudging as the rest of the Colts in his praise for the Rams after the game.

"Take it from me," he said. "They're going to go all the way now. They got the mental thing with the Packers whipped. They come out of the game with everything and all we get is criticism. It's hard to understand."

Unitas, his forehead red and bruised, stood before his locker with a small, crooked smile on his face and shook his head. "We lost it," he said, "but they deserved to win. I ate a yard of dirt out there today."

Someone commented on his swollen forehead, and he laughed. "That's not punishment," he said. "It's old age. The big mistake I made today was throwing the ball to Lenny Moore in the second quarter. It was an inside hook, but I thought Moore was open to the outside and I tried to lob it over Ed Meador. I was off balance. The pass was short and the ball went into Meador's hands. That was the turning point in the game." As Unitas threw the ball, Jones was twined around his legs, earnestly trying to twist them off. "That may be the only time I've ever been glad I didn't get the quarterback down," Jones said later.

From that interception the Rams marched to a touchdown which put them ahead to stay, 10-7. Jack Pardee, who intercepted one of Unitas' passes, said, "Last week, when we beat Green Bay here, we beat the bully on the block, the kid who always picks on you and hits you in the head. This week we showed we can beat anyone."

Sunday the Rams met the bully again, only this time he is in his own backyard. If the Rams can duplicate their performance against the Colts, the bully may be in for yet another beating. **END**

Firing 60-yard pass that put Rams ahead to stay, Gabriel throws over Colts' Fred Miller (76) to Jack Snow, who races 20 yards to score.



ALMOST ALL ALONE AT THE TOP

The Houston Oilers are the surprise team of the AFL but so few people go to their games that hardly anybody in town knows it. Thriving on youth, they are going to make some city—maybe Seattle—very happy one of these years

by EDWIN SHRAKE

Unappreciated and even ignored by the citizens of their own home town, the Houston Oilers have become the most surprising team of the year in the American Football League. With one week left in the season, the Oilers can win the Eastern Division championship by defeating Miami, regardless of what the New York Jets do against San Diego. The Oilers suddenly found themselves heirs to that position after beating the Chargers 24-17 in Houston last Saturday before a crowd of 19,870—a small but noisy gathering that rattled around the 70,000-seat Rice Stadium like a handful of BB's in a slingshot.

Oiler Owner Bud Adams admitted he was touched by the standing ovations given his defensive unit in an important game, but nevertheless he is thinking seriously about moving the club to Seattle. It would be difficult to blame him. In eight seasons during the height of pro football's popularity, the Oilers have steadily lost money. Last year the amount was more than \$600,000. This year the loss will be about \$100,000.

"I didn't mind losing money when we were competing with the NFL," Adams says. "We were fighting the other side, and it was fun. But now that we have merged, it's more businesslike and those losses don't appeal to me as a businessman. I'm not going to talk about leaving because the people of Houston would think I was bluffing. I haven't made up my mind, anyhow."

"I might decide to stay and wait for realignment in 1970. Maybe if we can get the Rams and other NFL clubs play-

ing here the attendance will pick up. But there's no doubt Seattle is a rich market, and somebody will grab it."

Adams says he has been in touch with representatives of Seattle, where a bond election next February will determine whether or not a domed stadium will be built, and has been assured that the University of Washington's stadium would be available during the interim. The Oilers were on the verge of playing in Houston's Astrodome before Adams and Judge Roy Hofheinz, the Dome's boss, disagreed over finances. The judge relented one rainy day last week and allowed the Oilers to use his stadium, free, to practice. "Then I asked him if we could move our San Diego game into the Dome," Adams says. "He said sure, if we would sign a 10-year lease."

Ironically, Rice Stadium is one of the very best football plants in the country, but it cannot match the comforts of the Astrodome which probably draws as many people on its own as do the teams that play there. If Adams does move out of Houston, some NFL club—possibly Pittsburgh—may move into the Astrodome. Says Adams: "If that happens, they'd better come in with a lively, interesting team. Houston people are big supporters of Rice, the University of Houston, Texas, Texas A&M and Baylor. I haven't seen any red-hot romance for pro football."

The hordes who have stayed away from Oiler games have missed seeing an interesting team. Houston has a tough young defense and a solid running game built around Fullback Hoyle Granger

(who has gained more than 1,000 yards this season). It also has the most meager group of pass receivers of any team that has ever contended for an AFL championship. Houston's starting flanker, Ode Burrell, a converted half-back, had caught only seven passes all year going into last week's San Diego game. With no deep receivers to look for, Quarterback Pete Beathard, who came to the Oilers at midseason from Kansas City, has been forced to rely on the running of Granger and Wendie Campbell. As a result, Houston has played old-fashioned ball-control, winning, when it did, on the strength of its defense.

The most amazing thing about the Oilers is their youth. Last summer the word began to leak out from the hills around the Houston training camp near Fredericksburg, Tex., that the Oilers had captured a splendid group of animals. The rookies, led by Michigan State linebacker George Webster, were an exceptional crop. "By the end of the season, when our rookies get some experience, we'll be a good club," Oiler General Manager Don Klosterman said last summer.

The rookies, four of whom are starters, did not need that long. "These kids just aren't accustomed to losing," says Al Jamison, formerly an All-AFL tackle for the Oilers. Oiler Guard Sonny Bishop agrees that the rookies have helped immeasurably, but adds that "playing for the same coach two years in a row [Adams had shown quite a fondness for firing coaches] has helped us a lot, too. This year when the veterans came to camp we had some idea what Wally Lemm expected. We didn't have to learn a new system, and that cut down on our mistakes. We've always had a good offensive line. Now Granger and Campbell are giving us great running. And it's nice that we've had the same quarterback a few games in a row."

After trading George Blanda to Oakland, the Oilers started the year with Don Trull at quarterback, switched to Jacky Lee, then to Virginia rookie Bob Davis. Klosterman finally swapped Defensive Tackle Ernie Ladd to Kansas City for Beathard, who had spent three seasons playing behind Len Dawson. Although he has a very strong arm, Beathard had little success passing in his first few games as an Oiler. That was partly because his receivers kept

dropping whatever passes he hit them with and partly because Beathard was still trying to adjust to a different offensive style. (Against San Diego, he once changed a play at the line of scrimmage without realizing it, found nobody to give the ball to, and ran for a nice gain.) "I know what he's going through," says Klosterman, an ex-NFL quarterback. "After four years of not playing much you get rusty and lose confidence. I'm convinced Beathard is going to be a top quarterback."

Beathard made a number of mistakes against the Chargers who, admittedly, were playing with several injuries in their defense and without their superb flanker, Lance Alworth. But he kept his poise when Houston fell behind 7-3, overcame his errors and threw two touchdown passes. A heartening aspect for the Oilers was that Burrell caught five passes. "A couple of them were off-target but he went up and got them," Beathard said. Campbell, a rookie from Northwestern, made four catches, one for a touchdown. Granger, a 225-pounder out of Mississippi State, passed the 1,000-yard mark in the third quarter. "I was glad to get it," he said. "So many people had been talking about it that I couldn't get it out of my head. And I could hear the public-address announcer saying how close I was. Then when I got it, suddenly I could forget." Granger carried 27 times for 107 yards, the sixth time this season he has surpassed 100 yards in a game.

With slightly less than three minutes to play, one Houston trade backfired when Charger Tight End Willie Frazer—a former Oiler—caught a pass from John Haul and ran over two Oilers for a 16-yard touchdown that pulled San Diego within seven points. But the Oilers kept the ball for the rest of the game.

Now the worst Houston can do after the Jets' 38-29 loss to Oakland Sunday—is to tie New York for the Eastern Division championship and cause a playoff at Shea Stadium on New Year's Eve. That would delay the AFL championship game until January 7. Neither Houston nor New York is likely to knock the Oakland Raiders out of a Super Bowl ticket. But with one more rookie haul like the last one, the Oilers can start considering a Super Bowl in their own future, no matter which city they represent. **END**



Hyile Granger, who gained 107 yards, hurdles over San Diego line for first Oiler touchdown.

GETTING THE VANDY TREATMENT

The Commodores come out faint from illness and looking half the size of their rivals. Then they fall way behind. And then they win. That is the treatment three of the nation's best teams received last week. **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**



With four seconds remaining, Vandy's Bo Wyenandt aims jumper that beat Duke by a point.

Vanderbilt basketball is an escape from all the laws of probability. It goes like this: First there is the dog, a long, brown hussey hound, who precedes the cheerleaders, the teams, the color guard and everybody else out onto the floor. The dog has a dislocated hip and cannot go to his left well, but he sets the stage.

Next comes the Commodore, who is dressed just like old Cornelius must have been before he cornered the market in ships and trunks in New York. The Commodore is a very big man on campus, but he is not too big with the starting team of visitors, whose hands he shakes out there at midcourt. The Commodore says that, by his greeting, he is "placating" the feelings of the opposition in order to offset the boos, jeers, catcalls and ice cubes that are occasionally hurled at them by the inhabitants of Memorial Gymnasium. But he is not fooling anyone. Just by his welcome, the Commodore manages to make a visiting starter look like a real jackass.

Following this, a large trapeze descends from the rafters, only to rise right back up after the ROTC boys have lived the Stars and Stripes to it, just so. Then the announcer, Mr. Herman Grizzard, says, "Hello, referees, how are you?" over the public-address system, and he wishes them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. And finally, in Nashville, Tenn., "the Heart of Banana Land," "the Athens of the South," "Music City, USA"—a veritable paradise if you want to pick a guitar or tamper with a jury—Vanderbilt University is ready for basketball.

Right there the gimmickery stops, momentarily at least. When the home team hits the floor, there are no more tricks or pranks or fancy frills. No one-man shows or slow-death offenses are to be seen. The Commodores are small and slight, but they win on quickness and well-trained skills, and last week, after home-court victories over three bigger and much stronger opponents, Vanderbilt stood alone as college basket-

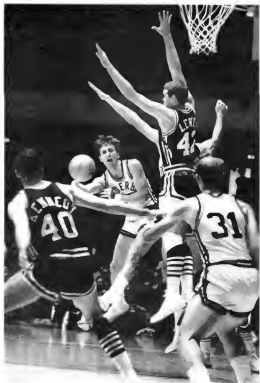
ball's newest, boldest and most wonderful prodigy.

Perhaps the present Commodore style was presaged by one of Vandy's own alumni when he wrote about the Great Scorer coming "to write against your name." Grantland Rice (Vanderbilt '01) said it was "not that you won or lost, but how you played the game." And though most realists would agree with Adolph Rupp ("If that's the point, why keep score?"), it is true, nevertheless, that the Vanderbilt team of today plays the game the way it was meant to be played. The Commodores prosper on diligent execution of basic patterns and marvelous insouciance under pressure, and then, back to the gimmick board, they come on to beat you by completely implausible means.

Chuck Daly, the Duke assistant coach, delineated part of the Commodores picture: "They are well coached, well drilled and poised," he said. "They shock you with fantastic scrap and hustle, and they get loose balls and come off the floor at you like animals." Daly's team was the one that got the Vanderbilt treatment in Nashville most recently. The treatment prescribes that the Commodores must be sick and lame and hopelessly behind, only to cast off their slings and crutches and roar back to catch you at the gun. Saturday night, against a Duke team that is better than even Head Coach Vic Bubas believed it to be, Bo Wyenandt, pale after a three-day sickbed siege of the flu, scored on an 18-foot jump shot with four seconds left to win for Vanderbilt 76-75.

Circumstances before this shot, however, hardly foretold the end. Besides Wyenandt, starters Kenny Campbell and Bob Warren also lay in bed with the flu for three days prior to the game. The Commodores' star shooter, Tom Hagan, picked up four fouls before the half. Vanderbilt was behind most of the game, and at one point trailed by 11. Furthermore, Campbell did not even play. Wyenandt and Warren were in together for only a few minutes at a time and Hagan fouled out with more than two minutes left. So not only did Vanderbilt win on the court, but Coach Roy Skinner proved he is going to be hard to beat as a psychologist also.

After the Vandy students showed the floor with boos and those ace boob following Hagan's disqualifying foul, smooth Roy stepped to the microphone



Long hair flying: Tom Hagan slips pass to Gene Lockner amidst a tangle of arms and bodies.

He did not say please be kind to the visitors, for they are our friends. He said, "We can still win this game. But if you keep up this stuff, we may get a technical foul and lose the whole thing. Please help us." That is the Vanderbilt treatment in Nashville.

Previously the Commodores had beaten North Carolina and Davidson, achievements which, combined with the Duke win, made a hat trick that wiped out the entire state of North Carolina in eight days and gave Vanderbilt undisputed, if temporary, possession of the South Carolina may have a better

team than the one that went to the NCAA final round of four in Louisville last year. Since its loss to Vanderbilt, it has defeated Kentucky and Princeton. But in Nashville, the Commodores neutralized 6'11" Rusty Clark and the other big Tar Heels on the boards, held Larry Miller in check until late in the game and shot 64% in the second half to win going away 89-76. Vandy's victory over Davidson was more difficult, since the Commodores had to come from 13 points behind on a night when their shooting was cold and four starters were burdened with four personals much of the second half.

—continued—

Davidson has veteran Center Rod Knowles and two large sophomores up front, and is even stronger inside than North Carolina. But despite this disadvantage, Vanderbilt showed its versatility on defense. Forced out of their press and fallback zone early in the opening period, the Commodores went into a man-for-man and began overplaying Davidson's big men on the strong side and sagging their guards back to double-team inside. They stopped the Wildcats' penetration underneath and surged back to win when Hagan, after missing a shot at the end of regulation time, scored from 25 feet at the gun of an overtime.

Not one of the Commodores is a true All-America, unless his scoring continues to keep Hagan up among the national leaders. Tommy-gun, from Louisville, is a 6' 3" guard who, with the left-handed Campbell, sets up the offense. Hagan's father, Red, was a star player at Kentucky before getting kicked off the squad for his habit of storing away game balls in his locker. But Tommy thought he would have a better chance to play at Vanderbilt. He has a great shock of dusty blond hair that flops all over his forehead when he runs down the court, and he looks like a kid out of a Walt Disney cornfield, sucking a blade of straw, herding the moo-cows at sunset. But Tommy-gun's shooting from way out there keeps Vandy alive.

At center is 6' 5" Perry Wallace, a remarkable jumper and good defender whose task it is to go head to head against all those larger pivotmen. Wallace is a mediocre shooter and has a lot to learn, but he is there in the clutch. With the Davidson game tied and 90 seconds left in the overtime, he dominated the 6' 9" Knowles on a crucial jump ball, enabling Vanderbilt to gain control for the last shot.

Wallace was graduated from Nashville's Pearl High School to become the first Negro to play in the SEC. There are, of course, a lot of "first" Negroes these days (North Carolina, Davidson and Duke have theirs, also). Perry, an intensely proud, intelligent and articulate electrical engineering student, is distinguished among them because his role is certain to be the most difficult. In the second half of the season Vanderbilt plays in the deep, deep South, at Starkville and Oxford, Miss., Baton Rouge,

La., Tuscaloosa, Ala. and Athens, Ga.

Steadying Wallace and the backcourt are the senior forwards, co-captains Warren and Wyenandt. Conceding Hagan his 26-point average, the double-W boys are the heart of Vanderbilt's cool, calm precision play. Wyenandt is from Cincinnati and has been a starter for three years, while Warren, another Kentucky boy, has improved so rapidly in a year and five games that he has probably superseded his co-captain as the team's most complete player. Over the past season and through Saturday, while the two have been regulars with Hagan, Vanderbilt has won six of six overtime games, five of them on the road. Warren cools it, Wyenandt and Hagan shoot the winning baskets.

The team's poise and assurance is so habitual that a ridiculous fowl play late in the Davidson game—with Vanderbilt behind and in possession, Wyenandt

dribbled in bounds instead of passing in, and the ball was given to Davidson—was thought by some Vandy fans to be merely a reversed decision by the official. The Commodores do not make many errors like that. Skinner is the man responsible. After a few years of medium success, he brought a Nashville boy, Clyde Lee, to school in 1962 and has been winning games and the hearts of the city's citizens ever since.

In the last three years, as the basketball Commodores have gone 67-13, Vanderbilt has had to add 4,000 balcony seats to its gym to accommodate the crowds. The place is sold out long before the season begins. "It would cost too much to add any more seats," says Skinner. "But we could fill them. We could fill them forever."

Skinner recruits heavily in Tennessee, Kentucky and the metropolitan areas of Cincinnati, St. Louis and Evansville,



Nonchalant mascot ignores Duke game, apparently certain the Commodores will win again.

Ind. He has six children of his own, and he certainly must be murder in a prospect's living room, for he is plain, simple, "just folks," with a polite manner and sonorous southern bass voice that sounds suspiciously like Tex Ritter coaxing a dogie to come in off the range. Mothers love Roy Skinner, and any father would buy a used car—or a college education—from him.

At Vanderbilt a boy will get the education. For academic excellence the school comes close to being the finest in the South. It has 3,800 undergraduates on a small campus of considerable charm, and a basketball player can walk from his residence in Carmichael Towers to practice at the gym and to meals at Rand Hall in less than 11 minutes.

This daily ritual does not include study periods, which can hardly be disregarded by the Vandy's, who are student-athletes in the truest sense. Warren, like Wallace, is in the challenging electrical engineering program. One substitute, Gene Lockyear, is a clinch for Phi Beta Kappa, and Campbell, a first-year law student (he was held out a year), made one of the highest entrance scores ever recorded at the Vanderbilt Law School.

On weekends campus social life revolves around parties at fraternity and sorority houses or trips downtown. There, just two miles away, is the heart of Nashville, where Hank Locklin and Norma Jean and Roy Acuff and Skeeter Davis and, shucks, just about everybody else, picks it up and taps it at the Grand Ole Opry. "Coach Skinner takes all the guys there when he recruits," says Warren, "but I doubt if any of us have been back."

With dashing, gambling defenses that sometimes result in Commodores diving all over the floor, and several quick-draw patterns off the double post on offense, Skinner's team is an exciting one to watch. The coach, however, remains calm and collected. At 5' 10" and 150 pounds he is an extraordinarily fragile-looking man. He sits with his cup of ice water exactly in the center of the Vanderbilt bench at all times—six men on the left, six on the right—and seldom stars. "I sit in the middle so I can see everybody down both sides," he says. "I don't want to forget them. And I learned a long time ago that if I get excited and upset, I'll miss out on making some adjustments on the floor."

Vanderbilt's pose under fire seems a direct reflection of the personality of its leader, but anything more stoic than his present state would make Skinner nearly a dead man. Though he remains impassive, he suffers inside. The white chalkiness of Gelusil remains on his lips after most games. Following close contests—even winning ones—Skinner appears to have just fallen apart and, unlike Humpty Dumpty, been put back together again.

It is mandatory for Vanderbilt to play somewhat above its present peak in order to prevent the coach from collapsing completely. In their first five victories, the Commodores outscored only SMU from the floor. On the other hand, they have shot brilliantly from the foul line (exactly 80%) and have outrebounced their much taller opposition 221-217. Since Skinner has recruited a freshman team that is loaded with height and has

beaten the much-publicized Western Kentucky frosh twice, Vanderbilt will stay near the top for years to come. But Skinner's concern is this season. Against Duke his bench was revealed as inadequate for the rough road ahead—two tournaments and the SEC race. Lockyear gave him two good performances, against North Carolina and Duke, and 6' 9" Bob Bundy played well in the Davidson game. But beyond them, Skinner is weak in reserves. Still, his men play so intelligently that they may be able to get through the season without having to depend on the bench. Against Davidson, Hagan and Wyenandt both had four fouls after two minutes of the second half. They sat out only four minutes and were around at the end of the overtime—Wyenandt to set the screen, Hagan to score the winner.

Skinner got so excited over that one he almost spilled his ice water. **AND**



Snack in the center of Vanderbilt's bench, Coach Roy Skinner sips ice water and stays cool.

Sportsman of the Year

On the night of September 18, with two weeks of the daffy American League baseball season remaining, the Boston Red Sox were one run behind, with only two outs left to them in Detroit's Tiger Stadium. That morning the Sox had left Boston bearing a disheartening three-game losing streak, and they now were involved in the first of eight consecutive road games, which many felt would cause Boston's "impossible dream" of the first Red Sox pennant in 21 years to go unfulfilled.

So it was one out in the top of the ninth, and Carl Yastrzemski was at bat. Under the ultimate pressure that baseball can produce, he hit a tremendous home run to tie the game. Boston went on to win the game and—with Yastrzemski hitting .523 for the last two weeks of the season—the pennant that rewarded baseball dreamers everywhere. The home run was almost predictable, for nobody in sport in 1967 played any game with greater overall excellence, verve and dedication than Carl Yastrzemski, no one excited the imagination more and no one carried out the dramatic promise that is inherent in every competitive sport more completely.

It was not merely that Yastrzemski won baseball's rare Triple Crown, with a batting average of .326, 121 runs batted in and 44 home runs, and led the league in hits, total bases, runs scored and slugging percentage. People will remember him for providing the spark to a team that had entered the season as a 100-to-1 shot and that moved from ninth place to first in one year—and, more to the point, for galvanizing the American League, which had been so drab and dull for so many years, and leading it through the wildest pennant race major league baseball has ever had.

Probably the most valid tribute paid Yastrzemski

came from Al Kaline of the Tigers when he was asked to compare the season Carl was having with the equally impressive one Frank Robinson had had a year earlier with the Baltimore Orioles: "Yastrzemski is the Most Valuable Player this year," Kaline said, "and he deserves it even more than Robinson did last season. When I say that, I am certainly not taking anything away from Frank. But he had a lot more help from his teammates when the Orioles won than Yastrzemski got from his teammates this year. Yastrzemski had such a fantastic year that he deserves everything he gets."

Late in August, when Boston seemed to be sagging, Carl was tired. After a 20-inning loss to New York in the second game of a doubleheader, Manager Dick Williams rested the obviously faltering Yastrzemski the next day. But with the score tied 1-1 in the late innings Carl came off the bench into the game, and in the 11th, despite a streak of 18 hitless times at bat, homered to give the Red Sox a victory they vitally needed. Five days later Williams again told Yastrzemski to rest, but Carl insisted on playing, he hit two home runs and a single and batted in four runs as the Sox won again.

In the final two games of the season Boston needed victories in both to win the pennant. Yastrzemski got seven hits in eight at bats in the two games, and the Red Sox won both of them and the American League championship. In the World Series against St. Louis, Carl batted .460 and made several excellent defensive plays in a losing cause. In the last game of the Series, with the Sox hopelessly behind, Yastrzemski came up in the ninth and singled sharply. The crowd in Boston stood and roared its acclaim, probably because, more than anyone else, Carl Yastrzemski still believed in the dream.

CONTINUED





And Two to Remember: O. J. Simpson

In football no single play rivals the twisting run from scrimmage, and no individual quite measures up to the ballcarrier as a hero. Although few running backs manage to make yards without help from their blockers, they seem to be alone out there, searching for their daylight, sidestepping, breaking tackles and outspinting defenders. Despite this, however, most of the really glamorous stars of the last five collegiate seasons have been quarterbacks or passers. They were the likes of George Mira at Miami and Terry Baker at Oregon State, or Roger Staubach at Navy and Joe Namath at Alabama, or Steve Spurrier at Florida and Gary Beban at UCLA.

But along came 1967 and with it something different—something that took you back to the thrilling days of Red Grange or Tom Harmon or Glenn Davis. That something was a runner to rate with football's best, a 6'1", 205-pound junior at Southern California named O. J. Simpson.

Suddenly the bomb in football was not a long spiral anymore. It was O.J., bolting through tackle or around end or just generally going thataway, all the while taking the Trojans toward a national championship. Simpson gained a stunning 1,415 yards from scrimmage for USC during the regular

season, and he did it in spite of missing a game and a half because of an injury to his instep. That figure is fifth best in the entire history of major college play. More important, O.J.—whose nickname, Orange Juice, became part of the game's vernacular—was at his very best against USC's toughest opponents. He gained 158 yards against Texas, 190 against Michigan State, 235 against Washington, 150 against Notre Dame and 177 against UCLA in the showdown battle that ended with USC as No. 1 (left). And all of this against defenses specifically set to stop him.

Strangely, no one truly suspected that Simpson would rise to such heights this year. A transfer from City College of San Francisco, where he was not regarded as a line-busting type, he spent much of spring-practice time on the USC track squad, where he ran on the Trojans' world-record-breaking 440-yard relay team. But once the football season began there was no doubt that he was in a class by himself, that he had a rare combination of power, control, balance and speed. O. J. Simpson ran and ran. By season's end what he had really accomplished was the creation of the old-fashioned kind of excitement that makes college football unique.

Catherine Lacoste

Golf has never shaken its affinity for the amateur, even in this time when the professional game has grown beyond any predictable bounds. Hagen, Hogan, Palmer, Nicklaus are champions wonderful beyond measure, but the fervor of the golf fan has always taken on a special dimension when an amateur like Ken Venturi almost wins the Masters or a Marty Fleckman leads a U.S. Open after three rounds of play. And to this day, of course, when the golf establishment is asked to cite its all-time heroes there is never the slightest doubt that the name of Bobby Jones will lead the list, with that of Francis Oumet not far behind. Yes, golf likes amateurs, especially when they beat the pros, and now the sport has another amateur to cherish, an upstart 22-year-old French miss with the build of an amphora, the boldness of a Palmer and the gall of a well, a Lacoste.

In July at Hot Springs, Va., Catherine Lacoste, daughter of France's famed sporting family, part-time student at the Sorbonne (left) and part-time golfer, became the first amateur and the first foreigner ever to win the U.S. Women's Open. Her victory was a solid French cuff to the self-esteem of the world's best women professional golfers, a brisk

uppercut dealt with a trace of haughtiness, a touch of naughtiness and, one must confess, even a bit of grandeur. The achievement was all the more glorious

—or painful—because Mike Lacoste proved to be the epitome of the amateur, for her, golf is a game. Would she ever join the pro tour? "I'd rather have acute appendicitis." What does she think of the U.S. competitive attitude? "It seems to be, 'I must win. I've got to win at all costs.' We Europeans don't care that much. After all, it's not your whole life." But why her own competitive determination? "Well, there had to be a champion in this generation of our family. It isn't possible, at least not in France, to be a top scholar and a top athlete at the same time, so my brothers became the scholars. It was my job to become the champion—not that my parents suggested it, of course. If they had pushed me, it would not have happened."

So last summer Catherine, who reacts to the thought of defeat about the way she reacts to the thought of turning professional, spent her spare time at Hot Springs in the swimming pool or at the movies or dancing the Charleston and the rest of her week winning the U.S. Women's Open, giving the Lacoste family, and amateur golf, another champion. **AND**

SOMEONE UP THERE SAID



'LET'S RACE,' AND LO . . .



STUDIO 54

... FORD CAME FLYING

BY BOB OTTUM

"I will build a motor car for the great multitude."

HENRY FORD 1906

"We are in the business of selling cars. Racing [them] is only a youthful image for us."

HENRY FORD II LE MANS, JUNE 1967

"Now, I don't want to imply that we were building old ladies' cars. But something had to be done. I had only one thing in mind: We had to beat hell out of everybody."

—LEE A. IACocca, NOVEMBER 1967

I do know, it does not rain champagne every day in the life of Henry Ford II. You may find this incredible. Brace your self—but he, too, has troubles, even if payday is not one of mine. There are all those new cars he must sell, and his competitors down the street—an old rival named General Motors—always sells more. There is corporate image to maintain (the firm has 391,470 hungry employees to feed). Ford cannot close down the plant just the right clock for the dashboard of next year's Lincoln. As if that were not enough, there is Walter Reuther on one side and Ralph Nader on the other, and they look like they never have any laughs.

But along about 4:30 p.m. last June 11, there was Henry Ford in a foamy shower of fine old 1967 Mummies. Certainly not the best year for drinking, but a superb year for spoiling. Those two dandies, A. J. Foyt and Dan Gurney, had just won the 24 Hours of Le Mans in Henry's Mark IV, fighting off 100,000 and 24,000 Porsche. So Chairman Ford did the starkest possible thing under the circumstances: He died off shock waves, all around went home to Dearborn, Mich., and tried to get a handy-applied Corral with willow trees.

Figuring it all away. People had been suspecting for some time that a few men in that stiff old company were real hunk. It figured that life could not be all top that beige and lift with a cloth seat. And then suddenly, she! One could see the glass fall into place. Hidden away in secret areas, like Enigma, and foundry, and even Slyes, there was this spread and of moves.

There are only a few of them, and one must look fast to find them, as at a backfield in moon. They are always running off to races all over the world. Their big mission is to plant the company name into your subconscious. They turn up at all the jet-set, faraway, glittering places. Romantic Monaco, Nürburgring, Mexico City, Spa, Uh, Rothenburg, N.C. They cuddle up to newsmen in press boxes, smelling of good cologne. They spill a great deal of wine when they win,

and they can afford to have four speed expensive accounts.

Understanding now, this, also lose a few. Racing is a tricky business. In that regard, Ford is just like the little old company in the end, lost a few too many and you end up back in the tractor business.

But when you win as much as Ford has this year, they have to get along without you over at tractor's. Ford's 1967 season has been a big American success story. Money alone cannot buy happiness. There comes that moment, no matter how big a company is, when it gets into racing, when you must wheel out and face the competition. Ford's experience has shown that the much-maligned system called capitalism still has some adventure in it, that you can have superior sport and make a buck at the same time.

And, needless to say, someone stared up all this new life. At Ford one does not say ponderly that it was the chairman. However, he has gone over to those happy suits with the side vents, and he wears a stock modified rear engine horn with a little spoiler in the back. And if Henry Ford II can do it, you can assign yourself to a wave of Ford vice presidents with their hair down to their shoulders. They keep their faces carefully worked into a weary Grant Wood look and insist they are really going about the deadly serious business of selling cars. Let me tell you, it's not fun out there, fellow manufacturers. But individually—and actually—they are the Company Racers.

What if not for Nader and a few congressional critics stalking them, the Racers would not make any excuses at all. But there is this muzzling about it, automotive safety. Of course you would like the drink. Says one executive: making it sound like something on the far side of *Moss Karpis*. And of course we agree with safety on the highway. But surely everyone must understand that racing is the mark, under controlled conditions, has always been inextricably tied in with making better cars. Of course. One might also think that everyone is convinced by now that the best way to improve the breed is to race it. After all, Thoroughbred fanciers do not form a syndicate and pay Backpinner \$25,000 stud fees just to see his kids fall around the pasture eating bluegrass.

Critics all right, it seems inescapable in automotive life that hot-rod-ers or hot-looking cars—are currently turning people on. And every car maker, no matter what it says publicly—hello out there, General Motors—has its crew of Company Racers who are breeding new generations of single overhead cam or hemi-head monsters for those little

old topless ladies from Pasadena to drive down to market

The main reason for any clutch-and-dagger secrecy, of course, is that for five years, from 1957 until 1962, all of the American car makers declared a moratorium on racing. It came in a post-McCarthy wave of suspicion that anything moving after fast had to be vaguely un-American. The ban on racing was full of noble motives—and the car makers proceeded to race anyway, on the sly, with no visible means of factory support. They operated, as one Ford official says now, "out of seemingly abandoned warehouses on the outskirts of town."

Those were good years for warehouses. But, finally, in 1962, weary of being beaten not racing by people who also were not racing, Henry Ford II announced: "We stood very hard to live with this policy." As time passed, however, some car divisions, including our own, interpreted the resolution more and more freely, with the result that increasing emphasis was placed on speed, horsepower and racing.

Ford was now officially going racing, the chairman said, and the world settled back for the period of getting ready. By next year, one figured, the company would have some new race cars. One figured wrong. It took about two minutes, or as long as necessary to open a warehouse door and roll out the stock.

And now the breed keeps getting breeder. Detroit calls its hot street models "muscle cars." If you were under the impression that Ford introduced its new 428 Cobra Jet engine last week for grandma to drive down to the Baptist Missionary Society meetings, you may not be entirely with it—unless the Missionary Ladies have suddenly taken to smoking each other off on the way out of the church parking lot.

The 428 Cobra Jet, an engine built along the lines of Tony Galento, was created for the Stoplight Grand Prix—that little game Americans play on Detroit's Woodward Avenue and other thoroughfares. The line irony in this is that the new 428 will still be running up against the nonracers. Everyone on Woodward Avenue knows that the Pontiac Ram Air GTD, the 427 Corvette and the Chevelle SS 396 are the street-racing cars to beat. Ford's Cobra Jet is just getting into the contest.

The blow-'em-off mood that grips the Ford Motor Company began coming on back in the early 1960s—days when Ford had a lackluster line and Chevrolet had a new Corvette with a 283-cubic-inch engine, which Jacques Passino, Ford's racing chief, says was a "wow-eee" package. Further, Ford was tooling along doing pretty good business but had no great hope of capturing the interest of the war babies, who were growing up and buying wheels.

Then began the series of dramatic little scenes that could now be scripted into an underground movie titled, *Is Henry Ford Burning?*

SCENE: It is 1960 in the office of Lee A. Iacocca, then Ford Division marketing manager, now executive vice-president

for North American operations. He has recently been called up from Pennsylvania, where he collected an organization still known in the company as the Philadelphia Mafia, or the Chester Hill Mob. He is marked for corporate stardom.

Enter Jacques Passino, who had been kidnapped by Ford from the vice-presidency of Willys-Overland. Passino is a known sales whiz. He is a man so ferociously clever that he is said to have turde eyeballs. Passino has just joined Iacocca's mob as a special aide.

IACocca: Well, what do you think of our line?

PASSINO: Frankly, I think they're a bunch of goddam slegs. Iacocca: I agree. But we can change all that. How would you like to go racing?

PASSINO: I thought you'd never ask.

"That's when we began to get ready," Passino says now, blinking in the glare of silver trophies in his Dearborn office. Says Iacocca: "We had forgotten that driving can be fun. You know what we had then? We had a thing called 'sprint' and a lousy four-speed gearbox, that's what we had. But the excitement of those early days led us to the Mustang."

One must remember, Ford needed the Mustang more than it has needed any model since the T. The Chevrolet Corvair Monza had become a sales hit. So the Company Racers put together the Mustang, borrowing in part what they had learned from competition. Introduced April 17, 1964, it sold 26,000 in one month, 417,000 in one year and is the best-selling new car ever produced anywhere in the world.

And now we come to another Racer. The year is 1960.

SCENE: The office of Donald Frey, then a bright young engineer also tabbed for stardom. He is now a vice-president and Ford's chief for product development, a rather dandy job. Frey is talking to Bob Graham of product planning (now quality control manager for the Automotive Assembly Division). Graham has just returned from Speed Weeks at Daytona Beach, Fla. and he is unhappy.

Graham: Listen, there were 75,000 people down there, and you know what they were doing?

Frey (playing straight man for the last time in his professional life): No, Mister Graham. What were they doing?

Graham: They were all looking at those *Pontiacs*. We have got to do something about it, and fast.

"We did exactly that," says Frey today, speaking from the 12th floor in "glass house," Ford's sleek new corporate headquarters in Dearborn. "We got off a memo to McNamara [the Defense Secretary was then Ford's president]—something to the effect, 'Are you interested in going racing?' And he said, to put it simply, 'Yeah!' So we went racing."

With Frey in charge, Ford built a pair of 406 cubic-inch engines and wedged them into a 1961 Ford Fairlane. Ford rented the Daytona track on a day when nobody was around, hired a chap named Cotton Owens to drive, and everybody stood around and watched.

"We got that old sled to go 145 miles an

continued

hour," says Frey, "and we entered the Daytona 500 that same year. We didn't win. In fact, Pontiac won it that year and the next. But the year after that we got the first five places."

SCENE Frey's old 1952 office. In walks Dan Gurney, who had driven Mickey Thompson's car in the Indianapolis 500. Gurney, in addition to being lean, handsome and a hell of a driver, is an authentic American visionary. Gurney: I think Ford ought to build an engine for Indy Frey: Let's.

SCENE On another day—same year—Frey looks up from his desk and there is someone new. This time it is Carroll Shelby, devil-may-care, knockabout world racer and onetime winner of Le Mans. Mr. Shelby is wearing his taut, purposeful look, which no man can resist.

Frey: Oh, God. Now what?

Shelby: I need a couple of Ford engines for a new sports car. I've got some chassis at the A.C. Car Co. back there in England.

Frey (weeily): Why not? But one thing: the cars have got to say "Powered by Ford" on them.

Shelby: Fahn.

"Oh, well," Frey now says. "I thought for sure he was just an eccentric Texas millionaire building a toy. But we gave him the engines—a couple of dozen, actually—and he built these A.C. 'Powered by Ford' Cobras, and he won an SCCA class with them. We were suddenly in the sports-car business."

SCENE The office of William Innes, now a vice president for Ford's Engine, Transmission and Parts Group, but then—in 1962—a mere engineer.

In comes Gurney and Colin Chapman. Mr. Chapman obviously has several things going for him: 1) he had designed some wonderful racing chassis, which he has the consummate guts to call Lotus; 2) he clearly knows what racing is all about; and 3) he looks like David Niven. Chapman: Give me an engine with 350 horsepower in 350 pounds and I'll win Indy.

Innes: I just might be able to do exactly that. It will look like a Fairlane engine, but do not let that worry you.

"This Indy project did not have what you might call a whole lot of sanction," Frey recalls. "But we had been researching a small aluminum engine, about 42 liters, the Indy limit, and, at approximately that time, in came Gurney and Chapman. Everything sort of went click, click, click. And, my God, we practically won Indy our first time out with, of all things, a Fairlane engine!"

Flash now to another key man in the Indy plan. He is William H. Gay, at present the chief engineer of Ford's Engine and Foundry operations. Gay is regarded with absolute awe by people who know the business. There is talk around Dearborn, not confirmed, that he can heal an engine by laying his hands on it. Gay designed the Indy engine.

Engineer Gay is not a man to be slowed down by company

procedure, memos and phone calls make him impatient. During tests on the engine at Indy, when things would go wrong, Gay would not call back home for help.

"We'd just go over to Hertz," he barks, "rent us a couple of Fairlanes and bring them back and yank the engines out of them and replace all our broken parts. Then we'd have to go sneak the Fairlanes back to some local dealer and say 'Uh-hh, fella, put this car back together so we can return it.'"

Hertz never knew the role it played at Indy. Sitting at the company's small test track in Dearborn, moodily watching a new Torino at work, Gay insists that racing is not fun, not a bit of it.

Fun? Fun? He bites savagely on his cigar. "Christ, no, it ain't fun. It's pure torture. It's murder. Standing there and listening to your engines and worrying about what could go bad. It eats at your stomach. And let me tell you another thing. When these guys win a race they always throw a big party, right? They have fancy food and drink champagne out of ladies' slippers, right? Do they invite me? No.

"But let them lose one race. No party. And do they blame the driver? No, because he's always the best driver in the whole world, whoever he is. Blame the tires? Never. Best test in the world. They always blame me."

With that, Gay smiles and leans out to yell instructions to an aide. "Hey," he hollers, "let's race those two cars over there and see what happens. Tell them to really stand on it. Then he settles back and watches, clearly a man having fun.

But Ford wanted much more than success in stock car racing and at Indy. The next target was Le Mans and the fabulous publicity its 24-hour race confers upon winners. In 1963 Ferran di prancing-horse and Le Mans fame sent out feelers indicating the company was for sale. Ford displayed what is called considerable interest. Frey was given a briefcase full of money with which to close the deal.

What was lost in subsequent translation was that Ferran wanted to sell the cars and keep the racers. Ford wanted the racers and the hell with the cars. Ford was having enough trouble with its own cars in the 1963 marketplace. The deal collapsed, but Frey during the ordeal learned many new and expressive Italian words.

"The longest lunch I ever had in my life," he says, "was when I got back to Dearborn from Modena and I was called up to the penthouse dining room. I had never been there. I had to sit down and explain to Mr. Ford exactly what had happened to our deal. We were at lunch a long, long time."

Still, the result of the Day of the Long Lunch was that Ford said, "All right, then. We'll build our own Le Mans car." That led to Ford's abandoned warehouse on the outskirts of town. The company found a 10,000-square-foot facility in Dearborn, leased it under the name Kar Kraft—a name like that could fool anybody—and put it under special care. Ford picked an

Englishman named Roy, T. Lunn to run the Le Mans who had been chief designer for Britain's Aston Martin and who had an impressive set of credentials from America: Ford of England.

Enter Frank Zimmerman, who was then Ford Division's special vehicles manager and is now Lincoln-Mercury's marketing manager. It is April 16, 1964, in La Chapelle, France, and the countryside is splash with gay poppies and tulips. Parked out in the alley behind the old Hotel de Paris are two rather scoufly-looking Le Mans cars. They are 15 days old. They are Ford Primtives, not Ford Ferals as they might have been. Zimmerman has accompanied the cars from England to get them ready for the Le Mans debut a few weeks away. At this point, neither car has even revved an engine in anger.

In two days, says Zimmerman, we departed both of them in seals. I called the U.S. up to my hips in shattered cars. I told Frey they went to beat hell but the tails wouldn't stay down.

Then began an effort that showed Ford wasn't about it. Zimmerman put both cars in shrouds, took them back to England and found enough nuts and bolts around in it, build the two and make one new one. He wheeled them back to Le Mans, qualified them well (2, 4, 5) for the June race and lost it (although the fourth place Shelby Cobra of Gurney and Bob Bondurant proved to be the weekend's top Grand Touring racer). Ford Mark II's lost in 1965, but then, of course, Ford clobbered Ferrari and the rest of the pack in 1966 and 1967.

Now then. If you are any kind of mystery fan at all, or if you can work jigsaw puzzles or even chew gum and walk at the same time, you will have noted the theme running through these scenes.

Obvious. Nearly every key man involved in Ford's early day racing program is now a vice president.

And that, says Frey, should say something about our goals.

It does, indeed. The Company Racers—at Chrysler and General Motors as well as at Ford—are doing considerably more than winning some and losing some. They are bringing back a feeling of pride that sweeps through their organizations. Most everyone at Ford is now a victorious Racer—even the accountants in the Company basement and weak kneed. And let a top Racer come straggling in on Monday morning his eyes a lovely shade of cerise and still smiling faintly at his peers. Scotch and good cigars—and nobody will raise an eyebrow. If they won on Sunday.

And so it goes at Ford. Laccocca likes the sound of racing cars in full cry, and he likes the passenger car sales they stimulate every bit as much.

Passino has fond memories of Laccocca at Le Mans in 1967 when

first Le Mans Primtives were qualifying in Offenhausen, land. We were all there that day," says Passino. "Laccocca, Jim McMan, everybody. And we had two Ford engines in there with all those Offenhausers, remember? And those little old cars rolled out and you could hear the sudden hush—and then a swelling murmur running through the crowd. God? It was wonderful!

I grabbed Laccocca by the arm and said in his ear, 'Son of a gun. Look you hear that? They're all saying our name. That's what it's all about, man!'

Laccocca saw it. He just stood there and listened, says Passino—and then he told us to forget all the other details. He'd take care of Laccocca—and to go out there and race. One more thing: He told us we had damn well better win.

History will note, but Ford almost did win that first Indy written. However, Panhard-Jaguar took the flag in an Offy. Jimmy Clark took it second, and Gurney seventh in the Lotus. Ford's then next 500 was the year of a tiger too. Ford's then next 500 was the year of a tiger too. Ford's then next 500 was the year of a tiger too. Ford's then next 500 was the year of a tiger too. Ford's then next 500 was the year of a tiger too.

The fact that everything seemed to fall at once—the stock cars, dragsters, Indy and the Le Mans program—is not so much a Ford story as it is an American one. Chrysler's on a painful cruise in stock and drag cars, and General Motors, if you will stand by, is considered likely to rev up at any moment.

Ford has men up its sleeve. Hidden away inside Kar Kraft is the company's village in the Chevrolet Corvette. Ford calls it the Mark II, and it is a sprightly little two-seat sports car that comes up to one's waist. It boasts a five-speed Mans and independent rear suspension and a 284 cubic inch midship engine.

"We put the plans for the Mark II together one night in Frey's office," says Lunn. "If the prototype into production it will be known as the company as Frey's car, just as the Mustang is known as Laccocca's car."

And will it go into production? Well, says Lunn, "we're being a little introverted about it right now. But that should tell you something."

It does. It tells you that the Mark II will be out there among the Chevrolet's in three months. And that the Company Racers have a future in their Ford.

You worry about when you attend races," said Henry Ford II's cousin of wide lips. "Then go to Daytona and watched Richard Petty fill up his Plymouth. But we keep coming back. We want back to Le Mans this year because we didn't want to win. In fact it was a little victory in 1966. The second time we lost them, they realized we had the cars, the development ability in America. And we're certainly going to continue. We want our success to rub off on the kids."

Why do we do it? asks Laccocca. Improving the breed is only a part of it. We race because we're competitive and driving can be fun. Why else would anyone want a

four-speed gearbox? Or wire wheels? Or disc brakes? But after what anyone tells you, motor sports aren't going to go away, any more than betting horses is going to go away."

Passino has a moral of his own: "You must remember one thing," he says. "You go to a big football game. Say there are 100,000 people there. But not one of them wants to buy a goddam football! But you go to an automobile race and there they are—all your potential customers."

Not surprisingly, the Racers are rocking Dearborn. Ford has had its best competitive year. It has come to dominate Indy, growing from the two Lotus racers in 1963 to 24 Ford-powered cars out of 33 this year. Ford's English-cousin engine—clipped into Jimmy Clark's new Lotus 49—is cutting a winning swath in Grand Prix racing. In Trans-American sedan racing, over the season Ford's Mustang beat out Ford's Cougar by two points. And in drag racing Ford's unshakable Connie Kalitta won the triple crown for the first time in history. But in stock-car racing—the crown Ford wants to win more than any other—there are still a few problems. At a good many tracks this season, Plymouths and Dodges were, as they say, eating Fords for breakfast.

The 84-day UAW strike cost the company millions and caused a cutback in the 1968 racing budget. Before Walter Reuther threw his switch, Ford had intended to spend close to \$14 million going racing around the world next year, now the budget may be cut by as much as half.

Still, one must not weep for the Company Racers. The budget may be cut, but on their good years they spoil that much money and there will always be a factory team out there somewhere.

Not that they have any fun. No, sir. This is a deadly se-

rious business, robe. And one must forget that right off one's primary goal, which is to sell, sell, sell. Consider the serious scene not long ago at Ford's styling rounds, where the new cars are shown to the top brass, and where everyone must wear a visitor's badge and a Rev. Bob Richards look.

There they were: a public relations vice president, looking very not-fun at all in company haircut and pen-collar shirt; a few of the Racers, pacing around nervously because Racers never can stand still; and a few nonracing executives who most assuredly were serious. It was 9:25 a.m. and they had been assembled at 9 to witness Henry Ford II posing for a formal portrait with his family of hot racing cars.

"Yes, indeed, one of them was saying, 'this is a grim game. Here we are, risking our reputation on every race. It's serious. How can anybody believe we ever have any...'"

At that moment a guard stuck his head in the door. "Now," he hissed. "Everyone in the room came to attention with no other prompting, and in walked Henry Ford II."

"I'm ready," he said.

He was wearing his Le Mans mechanic's jacket—a blue padded parka with the word "Ford" on one pocket. There was a moment of shocked silence. Ford looked around.

"All right, all right," he grinned. "I know. You think may be it would be better with the suitcoat, right?"

So Henry Ford II took off the funcoat and shrugged into his tastefully tailored, side-vented jacket. He adjusted his Le Mans tie—a Pierre Cardin original with little "24s" on mid-night blue silk—walked over to the cars, and posed while all the Racers and the others looked on soberly.

Mr. Ford was sitting on a wheel of the Indy car. He tried to look like it wasn't any fun at all.

A JOURNEY INTO SPEED

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES DRAKE

The big Ford push began utterly without glamour in Dearborn's foundries and fabricating shops. As racing pieces emerged, test crews tried to break them. Control panels like the one glowing at right, for example, monitored the "dirty little dynamometers" on which Le Mans engines and transaxles ultimately survived two simulated 24-hour races. A fantastically tough honeycomb chassis alloy also came from that disassembled world into the sophisticated one recorded on the following pages.







A triumph of form and function, the 315-hp Le Mans-winning Mark IV is perhaps the most important of all U.S. racing cars, proving American worth in the neglected arena of international road competition. It is the pride of Henry Ford II, who is shown with some of his hottest properties.

A wind-tunnel smoke trail accents the mod roofline of a Shelby Mustang (which borrows a spoiler at the rear from racing cars), while a welder spits flame at an experimental racer. Below, the camera peers psychedelically at Ford's new mid-engined Mach II, which may go Corvette-hunting.









Buy Sunday and you sell Monday is the stock car racing code, and in this big and bitter warfare—awash with loyal fans, swift pit crews and lightning engine changes—Ford's rookie driver of the year, Donnie Allison (streaking into view below), is a key weapon against the Chrysler enemy.



Masked for speed, drag racer Pete Robinson (right) and
Konnie Kalitta, hidden below in the smoke of screaming tires,
littered with Ford 427 engines, piled on more power with
superchargers and blasted to new records. Hordes of U.S.
kids—future car buyers all—dig the wheels and wheelers.







Ford's foreign policy is a runaway hit, with the great Scot Jimmy Clark starring in a Grand Prix Lotus-Ford. At right, Clark confers with teammate Graham Hill, and in May both should again have Ford exhaust megaphones behind them at Indianapolis as they try for repeat wins in the big U.S. race.





An assessment of the autumn just past, including memories of events too improbable to credit, followed by previews of five bowl games and who might win them if form—at last—prevails

by DAN JENKINS

Those funny little creatures on the opposite page replaying the college football season in all of its quaint confusion—from a washed-out Notre Dame-Michigan State game to the three-way tussle for the Heisman Trophy to the two-way fight under Houston's dome—show as well as anything that the only way to look upon the events of this reasonless autumn is with a smile.

What made the season so disorderly, of course, was the fact that upsets were continuous. They began the first big weekend, when teams like Houston and Florida State beat and tied teams like Michigan State and Alabama, and they did not stop until other weird outfits, like Indiana, Texas A&M and Navy, had embarrassed the elite forces of Purdue, Texas and Army.

Out of this mischief emerged some strange conference champions—teams that had not won in years: Indiana, Texas A&M, Tennessee, Yale and Oklahoma, among them—and some new coaching wizards with equally unfamiliar names. Until 1967, for example, who had ever really heard of John Pont, Gene Stallings, Doug Dickey, Carmen Cozza and Chuck Fairbanks? These are men who won a total of 41 games and lost only eight during the year, while some of their famous fraternity brothers, Duffy Daugherty, Frank Broyles, Darrell Royal, Bob Devaney and Jim Owens, to name a few, wound up at 24-25-1.

The year served to disprove a lot of the favorite truisms of college football that coaches, pro scouts, bookmakers and writers have been living by for years. You could hear them everywhere, such gems as: "Bear will find a way," and "You can't run on Texas," and "Notre Dame at home," and "Frank will always have a quarterback," and "Washington in November" and "When in doubt, Ohio State."

Well, for once, Bear Bryant did not find a way when Alabama got tied by Florida State 37-37, or when he lost the big game to Tennessee. A lot of teams ran on Texas And ran and ran. Not just O. J. Simpson and USC, but Texas Tech and TCU, and A&M, of all

people Notre Dame was good at home against the dogs that Ara Parseghian upped the score on, but not against USC when the Irish were favored by 12 and lost by 17. Meanwhile, Arkansas' Frank Broyles ran out of quarterbacks, as he suffered back and forth between Ronny South and John Eichler—and lost with both. Washington in November was beautiful, just beautiful. The Huskies lost three times in November. And, as things turned out, Ohio State was nearly always in doubt, losing to Arizona, Purdue and Illinois and barely defeating some lesser souls.

The magic date for 1967 was supposed to be October 28, and the place was supposed to be South Bend, There, with ABC-TV in an absolute drool, Notre Dame and Michigan State were expected to claw out another 10-10 tie as they did in 1966's famous "poll howl." Unfortunately, when the two powers came up to that game they had 3-2 and 2-3 records, respectively, and most of television's millions had gone off boating, howling and golfing.

Some interesting things had happened to both teams. A few Saturdays previous, Notre Dame's glamour player, Quarterback Terry Hanratty, set a national record by handling the ball 75 times, passing and running, in a single game—and the Irish lost to Purdue. Then Hanratty experienced his very worst afternoon, throwing five interceptions, as Notre Dame lost again, this time to USC.

But this was nothing compared to the woes of the Spartans. Duffy Daugherty's team never recovered from its opening defeat by Houston, a 37-7 massacre before the home folks of East Lansing. As the good-natured Daugherty told USC Coach John McKay later, on the occasion of McKay's acceptance of a No. 1 trophy, "Just think, John. If you work real hard next year, you can be 3-7."

The Houston team that turned Duffy Spartan green wound up being as curious as any other. In their first three games the Cougars scored 104 points, looked faster than the Blue Angels and had the surest bet for All-America that

September ever produced. He was Warren McVea.

Then curious things began happening at the Astrodome to the world's only indoor football team. McVea got in a scrap with a teammate, End Ken Herbert, during a game before 40,000 fans. McVea then got hurt. McVea then started fumbling. And Houston finished with three losses. Ironically, Houston never stopped receiving bowl feelers and being mentioned in print as a potential bowl team (one national magazine went so far as to predict, in its preseason summary, that Houston would play Arkansas in the Gator Bowl) even though the team is ineligible because of a three-year NCAA probation handed down in 1966.

For a while, as the season wore on, it seemed that the races for No. 1, for conference championships and for all of the bowl berths might prove less exciting than the fight for the Heisman Trophy. There were three strong candidates, each of whom could be supported with reams of newspaper and logic—USCLA's Gary Behan, USC's O. J. Simpson and Purdue's Leroy Keyes. Even that noted syndicated columnist, Duffy Daugherty, took sides. As provincial as the next man, Duffy was rooting for Keyes from his own Big Ten.

Keyes's admirers had a splendid case, but good as he was, his performance did not quite measure up to that of Simpson. Both Simpson and Keyes had far better years than many Heisman winners of the past, as it turned out, but neither could outpoll Gary Behan for the honor, proving that most Heisman awards are given for a performance throughout a college career instead of for a season. Perhaps the "best of the year" stipulation of the Heisman award should be changed to "best of the year, but last year, too, if he's really a nice guy." Behan, who is really a nice guy, had a large backing of heroes going for him, and he did manage to live up to his preseason raves better than any returning star. But if the Heisman is for the best player of 1967, then it should have gone to Simpson.

ronciard

Undoubtedly, the day that Beban clinched the Heisman was November 18, which became the magic date to replace October 28. This was the Saturday that UCLA played USC for the national title. Beban and Simpson were both magnificent in the game, which was won by the Trojans 21-20. As USC and the Bruins put on their brilliant show, however, there was another team from the Pacific Eight Conference that had to be getting a big laugh from the California frenzy. That was Oregon State, the upsettingest crew of the year. The Beavers had just finished knocking over the Trojans 3-0 and tying UCLA 16-16. And before that they shocked Purdue 22-14. The disquieting thing about Oregon State was that it caused these calamities shortly after losing to

such dreary foes as Brigham Young and Washington.

It was fortunate that those letdowns on the way to November 18 did not really detract from the importance of the USC-UCLA meeting. It was still the showdown for No. 1, for there were no two better teams over the season, at least up to that point. And once again a game of this type proved, as the Notre Dame-Michigan State game did a year ago, what kind of furor could be caused if college football would somehow find a way to arrange a national playoff.

Not that the polls fail to provide a lot of pleasure and debate. Usually there is a large amount of hollering about who should be No. 1, as in 1966 when Notre Dame outpolled Michigan State and Alabama. This year the choice of

USC caused little in the way of complaints, except for some muttered draws down Tennessee way, where Volunteer rooters have trouble remembering that their team stubbed its toe against UCLA way back in September.

Otherwise, the polls were filled with their usual popularity whims as the Top 10 was rounded out. If the nation's best teams were to be ranked on a who-is-most-deserving basis, one that properly weighs their won-lost performance and the quality of their opposition, the Top 10 would read like this: 1) USC, 2) Alabama, 3) Wyoming, 4) Purdue, 5) Tennessee, 6) UCLA, 7) Florida State, 8) Oklahoma, 9) Penn State and 10) North Carolina State.

It is not quite so easy to list the reasons why this was such a crazy season,



USC vs. INDIANA

There is always a built-in credibility gap to fairy tales, but not even a full-fledged, right-thinking fairy godmother—or John Pont, the coach at Cinderella U. in Bloomington, Ind.—would have predicted this particular ending: that after 22 years of being a kind of wallflower on a doormat, the last of the Big Ten sisters would be invited to the Big Ball in Pasadena. Blame Christian Andersen would have been drummed out of Denmark.

It began after two horrible seasons, seasons so bad that one of the men who originated the Old Oaken Bucket Rivalry with Purdue 42 years ago suggested, quite seriously, that Indiana drop intercollegiate football because it obviously could not play it. "I got very mad at myself," Pont says. "I couldn't believe that I couldn't get the job done here." So last summer Pont ordered his players to lose weight, and they did—a total of 577 pounds. Encouraged in part, by the refreshing ability of his teams to move, Pont opened up his offense to let Quarterback Harry Gensow do more outside running and passing, switched 14 players to different positions, prayed that his sophomores would be supermen, began carrying two lucky pennies in his belt and started the season dreaming an impossible dream that his Hoosiers might somehow improve from miserable to mediocre. "A 5-5 season would not have been a disappointment," he observed.

Indiana showed the pattern of its year in its first game, an unresounding 12-10 win

over Kentucky. In that one Harry Gensow flubbed a hand-off, then turned the mangled play into a touchdown pass. The pattern was to be no pattern or, as Pont put it, "I encourage improvisation. It is basic to our offense." The Hoosiers improvised their way past Kansas and Illinois, and suddenly, against Iowa, something exciting happened. Recall Pont: "We were flat and Iowa was ahead late in the fourth quarter. Normally I don't hear the stands; I'm turned off. But just before we got the ball the whole stadium rose and cheered. Last year they would have said, 'Oh, hell, so we lose again.' Now you could sense they felt we'd win, and the players felt it, too. From then on, things snowballed." Eventually they snowballed to the point that John Isenbarger, the halfback who sometimes pants and sometimes doesn't, was found standing in front of a mirror practicing the look he would use when he was introduced on national television. "That was when I knew we would make the Rose Bowl," says Pont.

Minnesota almost turned the Indiana snowball into a puddle of despair with a 31-7 victory, but then came a stunning 19-14 upset of Purdue. The key defensive play of that game, needless to say, was unplanned, too: a Purdue fumble on the Indiana one-yard line.

Although USC is far from the adored-to-roses darling that Indiana is, the Trojans did not reach their No. 1 zenith without both surprises and adversity. Surprises? However obvious their abilities may seem now, both O. J. Simpson and Earl McCub-

lauch were untired at the season's start. Adversities? Coach John McKay lost his No. 1 fullback, a starting halfback, a starting defensive tackle and a starting defensive end to knee surgery. Adversities and surprises? Top Quarterback Toby Page was hurt for two games, but Steve Sogge "too short, too slow, too inexperienced," to quote one USC rival—filled in. Superbly. And when Simpson sprained his foot against Oregon an unheralded senior named Steve Grady took over. Superbly.

To McKay the central wim of the season came against Notre Dame because it "made us strong, united us and bolstered our confidence." The year's key play was naturally, a Simpson run, this one for 64 yards and a touchdown against UCLA. But that had its ironic oddity, too, for the block that broke Simpson free was contributed by Split End Ron Drake, a spindly, 170-pound receiver who had been benched much of the day to make room for burlier ends who could hit. McKay ordered a pass and sent Drake in to catch it, but when Quarterback Page saw UCLA's defense he called an audible for O. J.'s off-tackle blag. Instead of Ron Drake catching a pass he threw the block that put USC in its 15th Rose Bowl game.

Can Indiana's improvisers foil No. 1 for a whole afternoon? It isn't likely, though the Hoosiers did stop All-America Larry Keyes, and they might give O. J. some trouble. For a while. But there isn't a fairy-tale teller around who would match Cinderella against Helen of Troy and pick the country girl in the glass slippers to win.

One thing is certain. There is far more good football talent available than there was a decade ago, and this includes coaches as well as players. There seem to be hosts of young, skillful coaches around, men who know the game and have the ability to get the finer points across to their recruits. And because more good players are available, a few big schools are no longer able to corner the market.

In addition, the two-platoon age is settling down. At first only the major powers adjusted quickly, probably because they had lots of resources. Now others are adapting well. Players are being recruited with specialties in mind, place-kicking, receiving, punting and, above all, passing—you can't survive these days without a passer. The ability

to make maximum use of what might be called the incomplete football player is increasingly important. The season also pointed up the necessity of being able to adjust well in the face of adversity. It was the innovators who prospered, the coaches who were forced to build teams in early season that were quite different from the ones they had planned initially. Thus Texas A&M lost its first four games and won a conference title, USC shaped an entire offense around a star it knew virtually nothing about until the season opened, Penn State won with sophomores because everybody else got hurt, Tennessee beat Alabama with a third-string quarterback, etc.

There is one last curiosity of the season, and it is going to make the business of bowl watching more fascinating

than ever this time. The stars of the year are returning next season, and many of the teams of the year are, too. The list is startling: USC, Indiana, Penn State, Purdue, Texas, Miami, Oregon State, Texas A&M and Yale. All are teams dominated by sophomores and juniors. Keyes and Simpson return. So does Ted Hendricks at Miami—about the year's best lineman—as do Bill Bradley and Chris Gilbert at Texas and Terry Hanratty and Jim Seymour at Notre Dame. So one old football motto not only has survived the upset autumn, it has become doubly meaningful: "Wait 'til next year!"

Meanwhile there is the matter of the bowls to settle. Do you just suppose that as a climax to this way-out season Indiana could possibly . . . ?



TENNESSEE vs. OKLAHOMA

When Tennessee Coach Oog Oickey was asked about his Orange Bowl game

against Oklahoma, Dickey's reply did not flash around the world or force pretenses to replicate page one. "It should be a good game," he said. Right, Doug Dickey, it should. And what it lacks in gee-whiz romantics, it should more than make up in unadorned, no-nonsense football.

These days people around Tennessee are buying bumper stickers that say GO BIG ORANGE BOWL, but back in September it was hard to look at the Volunteers' first five opponents—UCLA, Auburn, Georgia Tech, Alabama and LSU—without wondering if that Big Orange might not turn a little green before long. "We knew the burden would be on the offense," says Oickey, "because our defense was young." Fair enough. Things stayed intact through a loss to UCLA, but then—by one—Tennessee lost No. 1 Quarterback Dewey Warren, No. 2 Quarterback Charlie Fulton, its top place-kicker and two desperately needed defensive players. What happened through this period was the kind of thing, quite unpredictably, that gives one team a season to remember and another the urge to bury the class yearbook forever. Tennessee's replacements held the defensive fort and Auburn was beaten 14-13. Third-stringer Bubba Wyche pulled out the Georgia Tech game with two touchdown passes to Flanker Richmond Flowers, and a victory over Alabama was sewed up when Defensive Back Albert

Dorsey intercepted his third pass and went 40 yards to score with a minute to play.

Despite the patching-up, Dickey was reasonably certain that his team was of bowl caliber, but it took the LSU game to guarantee it. And the hero of that particular clincher was a relatively anonymous lacker named Karl Kremser, a West Point transfer who had gone to Tennessee for its track program. Dickey found Kremser kicking a football for fun one day, signed him up and, of course, Tennessee beat LSU 17-14 because Kremser made one of the few field goals he ever had tried in public.

While Tennessee had to keep dipping into its wondrous supply of Wyches and Kremers to stay even with its crippled roll, Oklahoma went the entire season with only one really notable injury—Line Coach Buck Nystrom sprained his ankle during practice. The Sooners figured to be a sound team from the start, but not an Orange Bowl entry, if only because the death of their popular young head coach, Jim Mackenzie, was sure to have an upsetting effect. In addition, the Sooners lost nine starting linemen from 1966. Oklahoma won its first two games easily enough with Quarterback Bob Warrack, a frail-looking junior, performing well. Then, with Texas due, a flu epidemic leveled the squad. Queasy or not, the Sooners pushed Texas all over the field for a half before finally losing 9-7. "That was the game that mattered," says Sooner Coach Chuck Fairbanks. "It told us we could play well against good football teams." From then on it was just one win after another,

as Oklahoma's quick defense came into its own, shutting out both rugged Missouri and highly routed Colorado. Over the season Oklahoma gave up only 6.8 points a game, making it the top defensive team in the country. All-America Middle Guard Granville ("It's a thrill to hit people") Liggins was as tough as expected, and Linebacker Don ("I love collisions") Pfumner, a transfer to OU this year, was an unexpected terror.

In the Orange Bowl the Sooner defense may not be quite as effective as usual, for it has not come up against the likes of Dewey Warren or his big offensive line, led by Center Bob Johnson. On the other hand, Tennessee probably will have some trouble bottling up the Sooners' quick, diverse offense, especially the threats of Tailbacks Steve Owens and Ron Shotts, who spell each other to double their stamina (they finished one-two among Big Eight rushers). Both teams are well balanced, exquisitely drilled and profoundly unflappable. Both have efficient, executive-style coaching staffs. Dickey, for example, uses a computer to analyze his scouting reports. As a result, the Orange Bowl probably will be the textbook game of New Year's Day. When Doug Oickey was asked if he thought a bowl game might push his team to any new emotional peaks, his reply was typical Oickey, one that did not lead networks to interrupt their regularly scheduled programs. "A bowl game is a big event for a football player," he said. "Everyone will be playing his best." Right, Doug Oickey. Tennessee's best probably will be just a little bit better than Oklahoma's.

continued



ALABAMA vs. TEXAS A&M

Bear Bryant wept in 1965 when Gene Stallings left Alabama to go to Texas A&M. During the seven years that

Stallings served Bryant as an assistant coach, the two developed just about every classic relationship there is—pro-and-tyro, father-and-son, teacher-and-pupil, author-and-ghostwriter (Stallings ghosted Bryant's book, *Bolding A Championship Football Team*). Although he has been out on his own as A&M's head coach for three years now, Stallings still calls The Bear "Coach Bryant," and he is still habitually very big with the years and noisily in Bryant's presence. Now the old friends become foe-for-

an-afternoon in the Cotton Bowl, and Gene Stallings is not kidding himself about that. "There is nobody I would rather play than Alabama," he says. "But I don't trust Coach Bryant out in the arena; I've been on his sideline too many times."

Obviously, Bryant is not to be trusted when he is across the field. This is his ninth bowl team and ninth Top 10 team at Alabama in the last nine years, and you don't do that by being paky-waky with the opposition. There were moments this year when Bryant's team did seem passive enough, such as the 37-37 tie against Florida State and the loss to Tennessee. But, as Gene Stallings knows better than anyone, The Bear believes a stout defense is the antidote to most losers' woes. In its

last five games Alabama allowed a total of two touchdowns. The offense, too, took on some much-needed balance around mid-season. Splendid as the Kenny Stabler-to-Dennis Homan passing combination may be, it could not produce every yard the Tide needed, so when Fullback Ed Morgan and Tailback Tommy Wade finally started gaining on the ground, Alabama did not stop rolling until it had an 8-1-1 record.

All of which bodes exceedingly bad for Stallings' on-again-off-again Aggies. Although the A&M defense came up with 27 interceptions that could mean trouble for Stabler and his Linebacker Bill Hobbs, whom Stallings thinks is the best since Lee Roy Jordan, the Texans gave up an average of 340 yards a game. That is



LSU vs. WYOMING

Around Laramie it is being talked about as the greatest thing since readymade horseshoes. Certainly Wyoming has

been in bowls before (one Gator and three Sun), and the team has never lost in a bowl. But some 10,000 people, which is 1/3 of the state's entire population, are planning to hit New Orleans—including the governor, two Senators, most of the legislature and a Shetland-pony mascot named Cowboy Joe II. As Coach Lloyd Eaton puts it, "This is Wyoming's biggest chance in history. The kids are thrilled, but I think they'll stay close to earth."

This is merely a figure of speech, of course,

because without its passing attack Wyoming would be bleak at best, and certainly not the only undefeated major team in college football. The Cowboys started their season billed as good-run, no-throw. Senior Quarterback Paul Toscano was a veteran, of course, with two fine seasons behind him. Unfortunately, they were seasons spent in the defensive backfield, so Wyoming planned to run a lot and not strain Toscano's passing arm. But Toscano apparently had learned how defensive backs think, for he hit 55.6% of his passes and threw for the gale total of 18 touchdowns. "Paul just got stronger and stronger," says Eaton, smiling. Paul almost had to be stronger than a goalpost, for early in the season Wyoming lost five of its top six

offensive linemen. While Toscano dodged and ducked, Eaton dug out three sophomores, a junior college transfer and an ex-defensive expert to replace the wounded, and although the running game suffered somewhat, the pass protection was more than adequate. For the Sugar Bowl the Cowboys have all but one of their injured in shape, which means the running, led by Tailback Jim Knick, may come back surprisingly strong and harass LSU from an unexpected angle.

Wyoming and Louisiana State are a far cry apart—in culture, cuisine, topography, politics and football. The Sugar Bowl is everyday stuff at LSU, a routine 90-minute ride away, and this (ho-hum) is the eighth time the home-state team has played in it.



FLORIDA STATE vs. PENN STATE

First find a team that has six ex-high school quarterbacks in its starting 22, a linebacker who re-

turns punts and eight other players who had their heads shaved before the season because they "wanted identity." Then get another team that has a superstitious halfback who asks people in the school band to feed him peanut butter for luck on nights before games and where the defensive backs have a bonded brotherhood called The Rat Pack, with personalized code names like Splitter Rat, Under Rat, Mumble Rat, Clap Rat and Zeus Rat. Put them together in the Gator Bowl, call one Penn State and the other Florida State. Then ask Coach

Joe Paterno of Penn State what he thinks, he used to be an usher at Ebbers Field, and he will tell you "This could be the best bowl game of them all," he says. "We don't feel we can stop them, and we don't believe they can stop us. Who knows, the final score might be 42-41."

Who knows, indeed? Joe Paterno started his season with a predominantly senior team, then lost his best halfback and best linebacker and wound up playing 10 sophomores on his first-string. His team lost—but barely—to Navy and UCLA and beat such powerful opponents as Miami, Syracuse and North Carolina State. No one could have known that sophomore Halfback Charlie Pittman would average 4.9 yards a rush or that sophomore Fullback Don Abbey would

score 88 points or that sophomore Linebacker Dennis Orkots (the punt-returner and one of those ex-quarterbacks) would intercept six passes, two for crucial touchdowns. Paterno did foresee a fine offense, with senior Quarterback Tom Sherman passing to Split End Jack Curry, who is another ex-quarterback, and All-America Tight End Ted Kwalick, a nongrader in seeking identity through head shaving. But Penn State's offense was better than just fine: the team averaged 28.2 points a game, Sherman finished sixth in the country in total offense, Curry wound up holding every Penn State pass-catching record there is and Kwalick, a junior, was so good that UCLA Coach Tom Prothro called him "the best tight end I have seen in college football."

being too generous against any bowl opponent, to say nothing of a wise old Bear Stallings likes to say, "Statistics are for losers." True or not, statistics certainly did not make his team a winner. They were out-first-downed, outrushed and outpassed all season. The A&M players call themselves a big play club, but the big play worked both ways. SMU beat them with four seconds left, and they lost to Florida State 19-18 because Place-kicker Charley Riggs's extra-point try hit the right upright and bounced back. After FSU, which was A&M's fourth straight loss, Stallings instituted Operation Shake Well, a vast realignment of the team. A&M never lost again, as the big plays began to do its way. On the next Saturday a 15-yard touchdown

run by Quarterback Iddi Hargett after the gun went off beat Texas Tech 28-24, and the season ended with Texas A&M beating Texas 10-7 because a Ruggs field-goal try hit the left upright and flopped inside the goalpost.

Even more than the big plays, it was that mad midseason lineup scramble that brought A&M to the Cotton Bowl. Stallings is entirely too self-deprecatory about it. "Smart coaches don't have to do that," he says. "They find their best football players in the spring and leave them at one position. I'm not that smart." Perhaps, but there is nothing not-smart about Stallings. Still, when you come up against The Bear it is best not to have any weaknesses at all. Certainly Bryant will find a way to exploit the Aggies' too-generous defense and the oc-

casional slow-footed ways of Quarterback Hargett. "There aren't many folks who beat Coach Bryant," said Stallings, "but I sure would like to. You would rather beat your friends than your enemies any day." In addition, if another philosophical point of view is needed, there is the one provided by the few million A&M fans who remember that Bryant was a head coach there from 1954 to 1957. They would gladly beat him, on the theory that he is an enemy for sure.

For Stallings, victory day may have to wait. Alabama's offense, defense, bench and overall class seem too much for Texas A&M. As to the coaches—well, Gene Stallings is 32 and Paul Bryant is going on 55, and even though Gene did write that book, it was The Bear who told him what to say.

Sell there is plenty of incentive for LSU to prove that its 6-3-1 record is really better than Wyoming's 10-0. And maybe it is, because LSU plays the likes of Tennessee, Alabama, Miami, Mississippi and Texas A&M. What do those teams have in common? They are all in bowls.

Also, unlike Wyoming, LSU fell on heart-breaking times this year, suffering three losses by a total of six points. "If a football team played through 100 seasons, I don't think the same set of near misses would happen again," says LSU Coach Charles McClendon. Probably not, especially with LSU's rugged defense, led by All-America End John Garlington and an expert safety-man named Sammy Grezaffi, who is a 9.5 sprinter. Grezaffi is so good that he held

three of the country's best receivers to a grand total of three catches. Florida's Dick Trapp (none), Tennessee's Richmond Flowers (one), and Alabama's Dennis Homan (two). LSU's depth is impressive: McClendon used between 50 and 57 players nearly every game. The offense is more workaday than whiz-bang and is run by one of the most hospitalized quarterbacks in the business. Nelson Stokley had two knee operations and surgery on one shoulder in the 18 months preceding the season, but he gave LSU enough passing to keep the defense from playing a nine-man line all over the field. "Nelle's statistics may not be very impressive," says McClendon, "but remember LSU is a running team."

One thing LSU definitely is not is a kick-

ing team. It has come to be called The Toe-less Tigers, good at getting the ball across the goal line but almost never through the goalposts. LSU kickers missed a field goal against Tennessee for a 17-14 loss, an extra point against Alabama for a 7-6 defeat and another against Ole Miss for a 6-6 tie. If Wyoming were allowed to play the game by the toe alone, LSU wouldn't even need to make that 90-minute bus ride. The Cowboys' kicker, Jerry DePoyster, made 21 of 31 points after touchdown and booted crucial field goals to beat Colorado State and Texas at El Paso. But the Sugar Bowl—though it is going to be closer than all those enthusiastic Tiger fans think—probably won't be close enough for DePoyster to win it for Wyoming.

But Florida State is not lacking offensive ring either, not with the brilliance of Flanker Ron Sellers, who gained more yards with pass receptions than anybody else in the nation, and Quarterback Kim Hammond, who was No. 2 in total offense and is so adept at reading defenses that after FSU's 37-37 tie with Alabama, poor Bear Bryant growled, "He pecked us apart like he was picking a chicken." Besides the Alabama tie, Florida State lost to Houston and North Carolina State, but when it beat Texas A&M 19-18, after trailing 9-0, "that made us a bowl team," says Head Coach Bill Peterson. Which bowl team was something else. The week before Florida State's last game, which was against the University of Florida, FSU had a firm Liberty Bowl bid.

Peterson rejected it, gambling that his team would get the more glamorous Gator Bowl invitation if it waited—and if it beat Florida. That was done, 21-16, and now comes Penn State.

Joe Paterno's team should know what to expect. Although the rushing of FSU's Fullback Bill Moremen and Halfback Larry Green, the peanut-butter nut, is helpful, FSU is sure to pass, pass, pass, since Hammond and his underlings averaged 24 throws a game during the season. "We are not," says Peterson, "what you'd call a well-balanced team. You would want stronger running and maybe more defense."

Despite FSU's Rat Pack spirit, pass defense was not a Seminole forte during most of the season, and Penn State's Sherman

will probably find plenty of open receivers. On the other hand, Penn State's plucky defense is not exactly Green Bay either, and Hammond has an less than four splendid pass catchers who are just a little less talented than Sellers.

In recent weeks Paterno has been irked about some not-very-veiled cracks concerning the caliber of football played in his part of the U.S. "We'd like to use the Gator Bowl to show the country that the East still plays a great brand of football, contrary to what some people think," he says. Unfortunately, it seems likely that the Win Knows Bowl is going to be more conducive to football that is frantic than classic. In fact, 42-41 sounds about right—Florida State and a lot of fun.—WILLIAM JOHNSON

MR. GOREN IS DOUBLING YOU

If you look to the right you are seeing more than double, and if you play bridge these days you must sometimes feel that you are hearing more than double, for the double has become a very popular offensive bid. Because the double now serves two purposes—as a takeout to show the strength of your hand and as a way to punish overenthusiastic opponents—it is doubly complex. See how you fare with the following hands. If you score 120 or more you can double for me; between 80 and 120 means nobody will give your bidding a double take. Less than 80? Oh my. Double up on your homework.

In the first 15 hands both sides are vulnerable; dealer's bid is shown first and your position in the auction is indicated by the question mark. What do you bid?



1



	EAST	SOUTH
A	1♠	?
B	1♥	?

2



	WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
A	1♥	PASS	2♠	?
B	1♥	PASS	2♣	?

3



	EAST	SOUTH
A	1♥	?
B	1♠	?

4



	EAST	SOUTH
A	1♠	?
B	1 N.T.	?

5



	WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
A	1♥	DBL	PASS	?
B	1♠	DBL	PASS	?

6



	WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
A	1♥	DBL	PASS	?
B	1♠	DBL	PASS	?

7



	WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
A	1♥	DRL	PASS	?
B	1♠	DRL	PASS	?



	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
A	1 ●	OBL.	?
B	1 ▼	OBL.	?



	EAST	SOUTH
A	1 ♠	7
B	1 ♠	7

9



	WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
A	1♥	DBL.	PASS	?
B	1♣	1♦	DBL.	?

10



	WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
4	1♥	DBL	PASS	?
8	1♣	DBL	PASS	?

16 As West you hold



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♠	DBL	1 ♠	2 ♣
2 ♣	3 ♣	4 ♣	ALL PASS

11



	WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
♠ 1♥	PASS	PASS	?	
♠ 1♣	PASS	PASS	?	

12



	WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
A	3♥	?		
B	3♥	PASS	PASS	?

17

NORTH



SOUTH



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ▼	DBL	4 ▼	PASS
PASS	PASS		

You are South. West opens the king of diamonds, on which East drops the queen. West leads a low diamond, which you ruff in dummy. How do you continue the play?

13



	NDRTH	EAST	SOUTH
A 1 ●	OBL	?	
B 1 ▼	OBL	?	

14



	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
A	1 ▼	DBL.	?
B	1 ●	DBL.	?

TURN PAGE FOR THE ANSWERS

THE ANSWERS: EITHER PLEASANT NEWS OR DOUBLE TROUBLE

1 \heartsuit PASS-5 \diamondsuit BL-3 1 N.T.-1

The opponents have opened your best suit. You lack the strength for a no-trump overcall (16 to 18 high-card points), and to double for takeout is wrong. It promises support for hearts or a good suit of your own.

B \diamondsuit BL-5 1 \heartsuit 3 PASS-1

A double announces opening-bid strength and good support for the other major—just what you have. A one-spade overcall usually shows a five-card suit. Pass gets a point because, on some hands, it might keep you out of trouble.

2 \heartsuit BL-5 2 \heartsuit 3 PASS 1

The double asks partner to bid either black suit, and he will probably prefer spades. It is cheaper and it offers the best chance for game. But, if partner is weak, clubs may be safer. The double is the best way to find out. A pass gets a point since partner may have a bid with length in both red suits. Two no trump gets no credit. It is poor tactics whether you play it as normal or unusual.

B PASS-5 2 \heartsuit 2 N.T. 1

Your opponents may be strong, but they may also have a misfit. Opener must bid again. If the bidding collapses early you can decide to come in with the spade suit.

3 \heartsuit 2 \heartsuit 5 \diamondsuit BL 3 2 \heartsuit 1

Your hand is so powerful and your spade suit so strong you need little from partner to make game, if partner's strength is all in hearts, he can steer toward no trump. The double followed by a jump in spades may work out. A strong jump overcall does not begin to express the power of this hand.

B \diamondsuit BL 5 2 \heartsuit 2 PASS-1

True, you don't have support for hearts, but your spade suit is self-supporting. Two spades, if played as strength-showing, may work and at least conveys a better picture than one no trump. Pass leaves you the option of backing in later, but partner will never read you for such a powerful hand.

4 \heartsuit BL-5 1 N.T. 3 2 N.T. 1

Your hand is too strong for one no trump but far too weak for a two-no-trump bid, which might be severely punished if opener's partner holds the balance of power. Doubling first, then bidding no trump at the lowest level indicates your 19 to 20 count.

B PASS 5 \diamondsuit BL 2

Whoever plays the hand is apt to be in trouble, but if you double for penalty your partner is almost sure to be too weak to leave it in, and you, instead of your opponents, will land in the fire.

5 \heartsuit 1 N.T. 5 2 \heartsuit 2 PASS-1

The no-trump response to a double shows

7 to 10 high-card points and a good stopper in the enemy suit. Two diamonds is a gross underbid. Your trumps are not strong enough to pass for penalties.

B 3 \heartsuit 5 1 N.T. 2 2 \heartsuit 1

Partner has asked you to bid the other major if you can, but you must jump to show that you have real values. One no trump at least has the virtue of announcing some high-card strength, which two hearts does not.

6 \heartsuit 2 \heartsuit 5 3 \heartsuit 3 1 \heartsuit 1

Partner has asked for the other major, which you have in a good hand. Three clubs may work well since partner is likely to bid again, but if he does not you will have lost your best spot, the spade suit. One spade gets a point to distinguish its lack of merit from the infancy of two clubs.

B 3 \heartsuit 5 2 N.T. 3 1 N.T. 1

An immediate two-no-trump bid risks partner's insisting on a red-suit contract. Three clubs begins to picture your hand and, when followed by three no trump after partner bids in a red suit, will tell your story. Again, one no trump is better than two clubs.

7 \heartsuit 2 \heartsuit 5 7 \heartsuit 2

An opening bid facing partner's double—the equivalent of an opening bid—should produce game, so the cue bid stands out. Partner might pass two spades.

B 3 N.T. 5 2 N.T. 3 2 \heartsuit 3 \heartsuit 1

Partner's double must askade hearts, and you have everything else, plus enough values to insist on a game contract. Two no trump is an underbid. Two spades or three clubs—well, I guess I can think of worse.

8 \heartsuit REDBL 5 PASS-3 2 N.T. 2

A redouble does not promise support for partner's suit but asks him to let you have a whack at the opponents' takeout, which should prove profitable if they bid hearts or clubs. Pass is rated over two no trump, for it enhances your chance of collecting a penalty that may be worth more than the game you might make.

B REDBL 5 4 \heartsuit 3 3 \heartsuit 2

Since the opponents probably have a safe resting spot in spades, this redouble is not intended to score a penalty but to give a picture of your high-card strength. Three clubs (if played as forcing) and four hearts are superior to three hearts—a weak bid.

9 \heartsuit 1 \heartsuit 5 1 N.T. 1 PASS 1

You have no long suit other than hearts, so you must make your cheapest bid, though it be in a three-card suit. You do not have the top-card strength promised by a one-no-trump response, and your trumps are not strong enough to pass.

B PASS 5

No other bid warrants any credit, and a craven retreat to hearts should score a minus. Your diamond support is far better than partner can expect. If unhappy, he can redouble to ask you to find a better spot.

10 \heartsuit 1 \heartsuit PASS-5 1 N.T. 2

This time your trump suit is so strong that if partner leads it as requested by your pass, the opponents may be in for a resounding penalty. Besides, your hand may be of little value if partner plays in a suit. One no trump promises general strength.

B 2 \heartsuit 5 3 \heartsuit 2

You are close to making an encouraging response, but if partner can cover enough of your losers to make game, he will probably bid again. The opponents may rebid in spades. Then a three-heart bid will give a clearer picture than an immediate jump.

11 \heartsuit 1 N.T. 5 \diamondsuit BL 3 PASS-1

In the balancing position, values are lowered for reopening bids. One no trump shows about the values for an opening bid with a stopper in the opponent's suit and, usually, no great desire to hear the other major. Double will be awkward when you have to rebid, but it is better than two diamonds. Pass gets an award, for it may get a plus score when one other bid will.

B \diamondsuit BL 5 1 N.T. 2 2 \heartsuit 1

Requirements for a double are also lowered in the pass-out seat if you have support for an unbid major. Partner may be trapping with good spades. One no trump has the virtue of possibly protecting your king from an opening lead through your spades. Two diamonds is superior to a timid pass.

12 \heartsuit PASS 5 \diamondsuit BL 2 3 \heartsuit 1

To double a preemptive bid made to your right, you need about a queen more than for a takeout double at the one level. A double may work if partner has a reasonably good hand. Three spades on only a four-card suit risks a massacre and misses any chance for game or even slam in a minor.

B \diamondsuit BL 5 3 \heartsuit 2 PASS 1

Again, in the balancing seat, values are shaded, so this hand becomes a full double. If partner has hearts, he may leave it in. If not, you should be able to find a playable contract. Pass gets an award because the preemptor's partner may be setting a trap.

13 \heartsuit 3 \heartsuit 5 2 \heartsuit 3 4 \heartsuit 1

When partner's opening bid has been doubled for a takeout, all raises are preemptive. Two spades won't shut out the opponents, and four spades may be painful. Three spades is the best compromise. Don't pass.

continued

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■ PASS-5 2♦-2

It is not compulsory to rescue partner with a weak hand since he may have a good suit of his own. Two diamonds is better than one spade, the suit the doubler has asked his partner to bid. If the opponents get to a spade contract, your hand is strong.

14 A 4♥ 5 3♥ 2 2♠ minus 1

You must shut out the spade suit, and three hearts is unlikely to do it. Besides, there is a chance you can make four hearts. Two clubs is so inadequate that it draws my first minus award.

■ PASS 5 2♦-2 3♦-1

You are not strong enough to redouble, far too strong to bid only two clubs and too weak to bid three clubs, if you play that as strength-showing. The pass gives you a better chance to judge the winning action later.

15 A 1 N T. 5 PASS-3 DBL 1

The no-trump bid gives your side the best chance. A pass may work well if partner is busted, or if opener's partner responds one no trump and your partner can leave in your subsequent penalty double. A takeout double will leave you floundering, but it is better than a two-club overcall.

■ DBL-5 1 N T.-2 1♥ 1

You would prefer four cards in each major but partner will probably be able to struggle along with three-card support in spades. One no trump may uncover the best spot if partner takes out. One heart gets a point because it is slightly better than a pass.

SOLUTIONS TO PLAYING PROBLEMS

16 ♠K 5 ♦5 3 ♣J 2

Your partner's double and subsequent heart raise suggest that one opponent will have no more than one heart. You should make every effort to hold the lead so that after a look at dummy you can decide what shift is most promising. A low diamond lead may succeed because it gives your partner a chance to win the trick and put you back in by underleading the ace of hearts. The jack of diamonds gives partner the idea that you hold the 10 or a doubleton.

17 ♥K, then low heart for a finesse against East's queen. ♠ Low heart for an immediate finesse with the ♥9. 2 Cash two top hearts in any order minus 2.

The obvious danger is allowing East to gain the lead so that he can play through your king of spades. An immediate finesse against the heart queen loses an unnecessary trick if West holds the blank queen of hearts, but it is far superior to running the totally unnecessary risk of losing a third-round trump trick to East. You don't mind losing a trick to West, since he cannot attack your spade control. Minus 2 is hardly penalty enough for cashing two top hearts.

END

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A New York paper recently reported that **Alfred Hitchcock** had been invited to attend a Jets game with his old friend Jets Owner **Sonny Werblin**. It wasn't so. Hitchcock merely lunched with Werblin, and the conversation did not even get around to football. Not surprising, since it was between a team owner and a man who once said, "Why do they call it football? They kick it only a few times a game. They throw it, they run with it—it's really handball." That was Hitchcock's view of Werblin's game 20 years ago, and as of last week he had not mellowed much. Unabashedly confirming his long-standing convictions, he volunteered, "I've always said American football is football at teaspoonfuls. All the players do is stop and huddle and tell dirty stories." Actually, there are days when most owners would agree.

The Tournament of Roses is nourishing a viper in its bosom—a scout viper at present, going by the name of **Everett Dickson** (below). In September the Tournament Committee invited the Senator to be grand marshal of the 79th annual Tournament of Roses, and for the press confer-

ence announcing this honor a florist even managed the not inconsiderable feat of producing a likeness of Dickson in flowers. So was the Senator touched and grateful? No. He has been plotting to use the Tournament of Roses to further his own campaign for the margold as our national flower. It was reported that he planned to fire margolds to the crowd or even ride atop a margold-covered float. "If they don't watch out," he has actually said, "it'll turn out to be a Tournament of Margolds."

In Syracuse, N.Y., it is best not to tangle with any quiet-looking gentleman wearing a double-breasted suit and horn-rimmed glasses. You may be pecking on **Carmen Basilio**. Businessman Basilio does promotional work for Genesee beer and keeps an eye on a canning plant and a sausage factory, but the 40-year-old former welter- and middle-weight champion is better than fit. He gets up at 5 in the morning and does roadwork, gets to the gym two or three times a week to do a little boxing and spends much of his time whipping students into shape at Le Moyne College, where he is a



physical-education instructor. "Working with young men in phys ed is a vacation, honest," he says. Compared to going 15 rounds with Sugar Ray Robinson, it certainly must be.

The rain in Spain fell mainly on **Rainer** recently. **Prince Rainer** and **Princess Grace** arrived in Madrid for a week of sightseeing and partridge hunting only to encounter record downpours. Hunting was limited to a single day and a less-than-enthusiastic shoot, at which the umbrellas outnumbered the guns and a hot, wet lunch was reported to have been served to "umbrella-budding guests on the treeless plain." A pity, but what was Princess Grace doing at a partridge hunt anyway, after her successful effort of some years ago to have Monaco's live pigeon shoots declared illegal?

Nobody appreciates a good TV commercial as much as the person who really froths with rage at TV commercials generally. Such commentators among the sporting audience are applauding a beauty, the message from the investment house that simply has given **Joe Louis** a few seconds to observe: "I just want to say one thing: Edwards & Hanley, where were you when I needed you?"

The Golden Door is a luxurious establishment in southern California which ordinarily caters to wealthy ladies who want a

week or so of intensive health and beauty work, but for several weeks the ladies are locked out and men are invited in for some attention to their health and beauty. At the same time the report came in on Basilio's methods of keeping fit, new word arrived from ex-Boxer **Lou Nova** in the form of a card from The Golden Door, which read, "Hi. My week is Dec. 11 to 18th. Best, Lou." He neglected to let us know which accommodations he had chosen. "\$600 elegant, \$625 elegant, with patio," or "\$650 beds elegant."

Everybody knows how tough it can be for Olympic contenders from democratic countries—no subsidies, no government assistance—but things don't usually get as bad as they are for England's **Tony Nash** (above). Tony is a gold-medal-winning bobsled champion. Elsewhere in Europe bobsled teams are zooming down special tracks at speeds in excess of 100 mph. Nash recently slashed down a local hill at a speed in excess of 2 mph atop what appeared to be the English equivalent of a Flexible-Flyer. With the Olympics only months away, two of his team's sleds do not even have runners, and aircraft experts at Farnborough are still tinkering with a sled specially designed for Nash and his partner, **Robin Dixon**. Nash has been quoted as saying, with proper British reserve, "I must admit, my hopes are not all that high for a win."



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Dan Gurney: Foyt's teammate at Le Mans. And the first American in 46 years to win a Grand Prix race (Belgium) in an American car. His tires: Goodyear Blue Streak racing tires.

The Big 4



Denis Hulme: 1967 World Champion. Winner of Monaco and German Grands Prix. Winner of 3 of 6 Can-Am Races in McLaren cars. His tires: Goodyear Blue Streak racing tires.

Jack Brabham: Winner of the French and Canadian Grands Prix, 1966 World Champion. His Brabham-Repco cars were awarded Manufacturer's Trophy for 1967. His tires: Goodyear Blue Streak racing tires.

Go...

GOOD YEAR

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THE BUFFALO HUNT

BY EDWIN SHRAKE



James McMillan



This story is from Edwin Shrake's 'Blessed McGill,' a forthcoming novel about a frontiersman who lived part of his life among the Indians of the Southwest a century ago. Shrake's deceptively laconic account of a buffalo hunt and its tragic aftermath reads like contemporary fiction—which it is. But it also is a meticulously researched and compelling re-creation of a little-known aspect of the American past

In the fall of 1873 I met Charlie Otter and his Quahadi at the Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos near the Cap Rock. The herds had not come that far south yet, so we abruptly turned north toward the Canadian River. I was worried that hide hunters might be roaming over from Kansas, as I heard it had been a bad summer for grasshoppers and crops were ruined. But Charlie Otter believed in the Medicine Lodge Treaty of six years earlier that prohibited white hunters from coming south of the Arkansas. I figured if you had the treaty in your hands the paper would be good to wrap bullets in, but in some ways a Comanche's mind is a swamp. He can believe a dozen incredible and contradictory things before breakfast and still digest the story of creation before lunch.

We went north in a long file. The men were dressed in finery and were riding their second-best horses, saving the best for the hunt. The women rode or plodded beside the drag poles. Dogs ran up and down the procession. There was already a nip in the air. The sky toward which we marched had a gray and snowy look. The previous winter had been a hard one and another appeared to be commencing, which should have brought the buffaloes south much sooner. Since the slaughter had begun, however, the herds were even more erratic than usual. I kept my apprehensions private.

Badthing and No Nose, his woman, were with us but stayed to themselves and mostly spoke only to me. Badthing was in a sulk because Charlie Otter had brought along a shaman who was a buffalo-finding specialist and had a kit of tracks that he pulled around the fires at night when the Quahadi did their dancing and singing. Badthing told me the shaman, who had come from the Quahadi band of Quannah Parker, was a fraud. He claimed this fellow, Yellow Head, had a bag of peyote buttons that he was using to entice Charlie Otter's patronage. But as Badthing considered himself the finest and most mystical medicine man who ever astounded a horse Indian, I put his muttering down to jealousy.

Yellow Head made a rousing show when he crossed the north Palo Duro. He rode his hairy little paint pony through the cottonwood, willow and hackberry trees along the creek. He peered at the leaves and sniffed the wind and held his sagebrush cap up to the heavens and then clapped it to his ear as if it was a receiver box for The Sure Enough Father's personal telegraph. Badthing snorted and frowned and fiddled with his medicine bag but did not comment. Yellow Head paused at a wild plum tree as though that was a very good thing to discover. Charlie Otter rode on with his head down, mulling about something, and it took the locating of a skunk bush to get his attention. I overheard part of what Yellow Head told him about talking to the skunk bush and learning that it would be a beautiful hunt, but Charlie Otter was no more impressed than I was. Charlie Otter was an unusual man in that he was brave and fierce enough to have become a war

chief but wise and old enough to be regarded in council as a civil chief as well. Like most good leaders he went along with the shaman's *houmouwee* but he put scouts out nevertheless. He would have made a good Jesuit.

There was no reason to doubt Yellow Head's prediction. We camped in buffalo country with great flats broken by dry washes and low knolls so that there was plenty of cover for me to shoot from. Bluestem and bear grass grew among the sage and pokeweed. Along the arroyos were a number of wallows about two feet deep and 10 feet across. During calving season in late spring, when the buffaloes were shedding their old coats, they rolled in mud or dirt in the wallows to get the flies and mosquitoes off their hides. Our camp was on the west side of an arroyo. The herd, if it came, would probably come from the northeast. That direction was upwind from us, a necessity. I have heard hunters claim a buffalo can smell a man at four miles, but I am skeptical of that figure. Two miles would seem to me more accurate.

In the evening after a dinner of dried and powdered buffalo meat mixed up with plums, pecans, apricots and fat, we finished off the last swallows of corn beer and Yellow Head proposed a buffalo dance. From the bundles that his woman hauled on his drag with his tepee and various equipment, he took half a dozen buffalo skulls, placing four of them about the camp at the four points of the compass and the other two in the middle. Pipes appeared and the air smelled of the pungent grasses and herbs that the Quahadi smoked. In a while there was considerable jollity. The musicians began thumping their buffalo-hide drums and the dancers hopped around the fire wearing buffalo skull headdresses and the men chanted a buffalo song that had no melody but a strong rhythm. A big round yellow autumn moon came out. It was the kind of moon you see nowhere except in West Texas, where there is nothing to interrupt the view, and I lay beside the fire smoking a cigar and feeling that I was very much of the earth and the Human Beings. I felt at that moment that I could, as the Indians say, hear the grass growing and smell the color changing in the mesquite. It was no good to think that the only choices the Human Beings had were to die or to become something else, so I quit thinking about it and went over to sit with Badthing and No Nose.

Badthing was in an ill humor again as he watched Yellow Head prancing in the firelight naked except for his sage cap and with his body painted in curving yellow lines like buffalo horns. No Nose was busy at the occupation she most favored when not traveling or working: chewing nuts and hee out of the seams of her clothes. I tried to talk to Badthing but he had no philosophical riddles for me this night. He pulled his calico bonnet down over his head and mumbled and drew symbols in the dirt with a stick. No Nose sighed with a whistle of wind out of her exceptional nasal cavities. After a bit, I slept. I recall that the last

continued

thing I saw was that moon and it got me into sentimental notions that are all right for such a night but luckily were gone when I woke.

An hour before daylight men staggered out of their tepees yawning, scratching and belching while the women cut pegs for hides, built smokeless dung fires for the coffee I had fetched along as a gift, organized skinning and butchering parties and generally kept as occupied as they knew they had to. Near the ashes of last night's fire Yellow Head had called a meeting of Charlie Otter and several of the more responsible and prestigious warriors. Yellow Head crouched on the ground with a horned toad, spoke some tomfoolery, made a few passes in the air with a buffalo-tail medicine stick and let the toad loose. The toad ran a few feet toward the northeast, paused, got prodded by the medicine stick and ran in that same direction out of camp. Yellow Head nodded proudly. Charlie Otter looked around at his counselors, who grunted and went to prepare their bows, lances and what pistols and rifles they owned. Charlie Otter beckoned to me. I joined him at his lodge for coffee.

"The toad magic says a big herd is coming from just that side of where the sun rises," said Charlie Otter in Tex-Mex. "Yellow Head says the toad magic does not fail." Charlie Otter glanced at me. "Never mind what I think of the toad magic," he said. "My scouts have also told me there is a herd approaching. Between them and the toad and the dancing and the skulls somebody should be correct. We will find many buffaloes this morning. Now the question is how to kill them. We have discussed this matter in council and here is our decision, though of course we await your opinions with great respect and, ah, anticipation."

Briefly he went through each suggestion of the council. One warrior had wanted a surround in the old style in which the men would encircle the herd, creep close and then attack fast before the herd bolted. Another wanted to drive the herd off the bluff of an arroyo and break their legs, but that was chancy owing to the fact that the buffaloes might choose another direction for flight. Knows Nothing held out for a chase with the hunters riding beside the herd and killing with lances and short bows. That idea was rejected because it was dangerous and left the buffalo carcasses strewn over a big area, causing difficulty for the skinners and butchers. Charlie Otter's plan had been the one accepted.

"You, honored friend," he said, "have been generous enough to offer to hunt with us for a fair share of the hides and meat, even though you are not in the hide business and it is too early in the season for prime robes." Charlie Otter paused to consider the affair once more from all angles and try to guess if I might be up to something. "Well," he said, "we accept your offer and will use your long gun for the benefit of the Human Beings as I am sure you intend."



"I am privileged," I said.

"Hmmm," he said. "All right." He then told me his plan in rough shape, depending for variation on the terrain and the arrival of the herd. The Quahads were to get in as close to the herd as they could, hiding their horses in gulches or whatever cover offered itself. I was to take my Sharps .50-caliber and find a choice shooting spot within a couple hundred yards of the herd. From my stand I would shoot as many buffaloes as I could before the herd began to run. When the running started, the Quahads would leap into the chase. With luck and accurate shooting I could kill perhaps 80 or 90 buffaloes myself and the Quahads would get 30 or 40 more. That sort of haul was nothing special for a day's shooting by hide hunters, who left the meat to the wolves, coyotes, crows and vultures, but for a band of Quahads it meant a winter of luxury and full bellies. I agreed with Charlie Otter, shared his pipe, finished my coffee—which, as usual when there was brown sugar, Charlie Otter's fat wife had sweetened so as to be almost undrinkable—and went to round up my gear.

At his hut Badthing was testing the pull of a short bow *d'arc* bow, since the long bow he usually carried would be worse than useless in a hunt from close quarters on a running horse. His mood had changed from sullenness to outright anger and so had improved his conversation. "That Yellow Head," he said, his nose ring wagging. "Did you notice how he poked that toad so it would flee in the direction he wished? If that is proper magic then I am foolish as a Tonto wise sot."

"You are envious," I said.

"True. But I am no fake. When I do magic it is real magic, not just tricks. Anybody who would defile the

spirits can learn tricks. It takes a genuine wizard like me to do magic."

"If you have so much magic, make Yellow Head disappear," said No Nose in her whistling, breathy voice.

"I will tell you," Badthing said. "Eagle caught a mouse who begged to be spared. Eagle replied, 'First you must answer my question correctly. The question is: Will I spare you?' The mouse's answer was 'Yes,' which was not true, so Eagle ate him. 'If the answer had been no,' Eagle said, 'that would have been true, so I would have been obliged to eat him in any case.'"

"I wish you would talk sense," said No Nose.

"Who will make a mouse of Yellow Head?" I said.

"Oh, the spirits," he said. "It is too bad."

"If his is not true toad magic, how does he know where to make the toad run?" I said.

"You don't understand about tricks," said Badthing. "While my body slept last night I had my ghost watch Yellow Head. When the fires were out he left the camp and rode until he found the buffalo herd. It is moving this way from where he said. He had a hard ride and got back a short time ago. My ghost saw it all."

I could see the heavens were ready to leave. Most had strapped down to breechclouts and moccasins despite the chill. Their hair was unadorned and some had it tied back. Their bodies and their ponies were painted with buffalo and hunting signs and some wore their particular vision symbols. Each man had his arrows marked so the skinners could return them. The women of the skinning and butchering party were going out with their horses dragging empty sleds. I wished Badthing good luck and received his blessing, noting over his shoulder that one of his horses was very lathered. As I went to my blankets, Yellow Head was conducting another ceremony. After much pipe smoke and many invokings of supernatural help, he released a raven. The raven circled and then flew to the northeast. That circled it for most of the hunters. But it was not much of a feat. Ravens nearly always head for a big buffalo herd, as there is much for a bird to feast on in such a vicinity. I once saw a buffalo magician release two doves to fly toward a herd. The night before he had located not only the buffaloes but a pond near the herd. Doves seldom fail to fly to water in the morning.

I checked my Sharps .50 with the octagonal barrel and heavy action and brooch that are vital if you are going to shoot many overcharged bullets from much range. The evening previous I had cleaned the rifle carefully and had loaded my bottleneck shells, stuffing black powder down to half an inch of the top, putting the rimmer in, tapping it with a hammer, setting the wadding on top of that, putting in a pinch more gaspowder and then the bullet I had taken to loading a 90-grain cartridge with up to 110 grains of powder, but I insisted on doing the loading myself. You don't want an accident or a jamming when you are in a hot stand. I also took along my old Henry rifle, as I

intended to join in the chase, and my pistol and Bowie knife for emergencies. Hunting buffaloes, even from horseback, can be done without too much risk, but the beasts are quite volatile when finally aroused and an emergency can be on you before you see it coming.

As we were leaving camp a scout came in and told us the herd was about 10 miles away having its morning graze in a big flat between a dry arroyo and a long low mesa. Yellow Head didn't bother to brag, he was that arrogant. Badthing didn't bother to listen, he was that angry. Charlie Oster grunted at the scout, looked at the two medicine men and grinned. We rode out and by 9 o'clock were in position.

I crawled for 20 minutes through the mesquite, sage and cactus, but I had put leather pads on my knees and elbows and the crawl was not bad except that I kept getting dirt and pebbles inside my pants. I selected a spot behind a sage thicket 200 yards from the herd, which was in a flat, upwind and slightly below me. To the rear of the herd about 700 yards from me, the blue shadow of the low mesa the scout had described fell across the hindmost buffaloes. The Quabads were in the arroyo below and 100 yards to my left. There were 30 of them standing beside their ponies strung along the wash. I laid out my equipment and set up my forked shooting stick so near into the thicket that sage scratched my left cheek. Then I examined the herd, looking for the leaders. It was not a truly large herd, not more than 400 animals, but that was the average. Those herds of 50,000 or more that the tales are told about were never common in my experience, although I did witness a few of them.

The herd was grazing slowly and without alarm. There were a few bulls placed here and there to fend off the wolves, but inside the ring the animals grazed in bunches. The cows and calves grazed in separate bunches from the bulls as a rule. I started with the nearest bunch and decided it had two leaders, both of them old cows. I wiped off and adjusted the bone sights on the Sharps and took aim at the closest cow. There was hardly any windage to think about, which was lucky not only for the shooting but because a herd can spook quickly from no more than the shadow of a blowing cloud.

I shot her through the lungs. As the soft lead smacked into her, she took one step backwards, spewed blood from her nose and fell over dead. The other cow looked up for a second before resuming grazing, but the rest paid the dead cow no mind. I had guessed right about the leaders. What those buffaloes saw was a small puff of smoke and then their leader lay down. They did not connect those events. If the leader had started to run—as they frequently do after a heart shot, sometimes going a quarter of a mile—they all would have run with her. I reloaded and shot the other cow. At her death two more cows looked up, so I marked them for next as curious beasts can be pesty ones. It was a clean stand. Taking the nearest and then

continued

working back, changing that method only for the inquisitive, I killed 30 buffaloes and they all fell within a radius of 40 yards. They would erupt blood, stamble and flop over. One bull alone was 1,400 pounds and stood six feet high at the shoulder. So there were 30 fall ludes worth about 560 to the buyers. And maybe 15,000 pounds of meat, bone, tallow, sinew and whatnot for the Quahadi.

As I looked to the next targets, a bunch near the dead ones began bawling. They started coming over to peer and sniff at the dead ones and kept up bawling louder until the bawling spread through the herd. The bawling was a grieving sound, although perhaps I thought that because I had done the killing. I kept on killing until my shoulder hurt and I had to cool the rifle barrel with a kidney of water I had brought from camp. A hot barrel swells and causes bullets to dance. By now there were 47 dead ones. The live ones tore the ground with their hoofs, milled around, shook their horns, drooled long strings of saliva and hawled at the blood and death that they could not comprehend.

There are various ideas why buffaloes stood to be killed. Most said it was because buffaloes were stupid. But I say it was more than that. The smell of blood and gore profoundly disturbed them and they would carry on in a strange mourning ritual, bawling and maling and rolling their eyes until sometimes every last one of them was killed. I say all creatures are fascinated by the presence of much blood and many deaths. We get in a spell over the death wank.

At 60 dead I was working well. My shoulder was numb and the barrel was too hot to touch without gloves. The entire herd was bawling and they had their heads up and would soon run. Through the smoke and stench of black powder I glanced down at the wash and saw that the Quahadi were very restless, also, affected by the bawling and the booming and the warming of the sun as it went toward noon. Those brown boogers could smell the blood and wanted to be in on it. I have seen calm decent folks jump off trains and shoot at herds with derringers and other ridiculous weapons and then get sick if any animals died. But these Indians had no remorse. They wanted to run and yell and kill and would feel good about it. I estimated I had 10 minutes of shooting before one group or the other would break out. But my estimate was wrong.

For a moment I thought it was an echo. That blasting had been at my ear for so long that I thought my head was doing stunts. Then I realized what I was hearing was another buffalo gun. As I listened again I counted four different guns and saw smoke from the mesa behind the herd. No animals were falling, which did not surprise me. Anybody who would shoot from that mesa, upward, and intrude on another man's stand had to be ignorant as well as greedy. But the mischief was done. The animals caught the scent of the hunters on the mesa, quit bawling and started running. Shaking their shaggy heads, they took off in an awkward, reeling gallop, amazingly fast despite the

look of their stride. Hearing the rumbling and the new guns, the Quahadi heeled their ponies up from the wash and raced hollering and screaming after the buffaloes.

The herd was running to my left, lengthwise with the mesa but trying to get away from it. Puffs of smoke lay along the mesa like blossoms. I shot for the leaders in an attempt to stop the running, but the range was too great and the beasts were going too fast for my guess. By the time I could adjust, the Quahadi were too close to the herd for me to shoot again. I recognized Charlie Otter's gray pony in the lead. I saw that he and Knows Nothing and a dozen others were racing to cross in front of the herd so that the Indians would be running on either side of it. There was little space for that maneuver. A stumble would leave the warrior in front of the herd, and when a buffalo runs he does it with all his might.

I got up to go for my horse, judging that Charlie Otter and the others would make it across the flat to the far side of the herd even though it would be a very tight squeeze. That judgment was based on my opinion that the Comanches are the finest horsemen who ever lived. But I heard the booming again and turned to see the ponies of Charlie Otter and Knows Nothing tumble in front of the herd. The hunters on the mesa had shot them down. Both Quahadi rolled in the dirt and bluestem grass only seconds in front of the lead beasts. I considered another shot at the leaders but decided against it. With the single-shooting Sharps I could fire but once and even if I should get a leader at that range the others would overrun the Quahadi nevertheless. Charlie Otter and Knows Nothing were doomed for certain. I scrambled down the knoll toward where my mare was tied to a mesquite and I knew then that those four hunters on that mesa were doomed, also, and the sinner I was in made me relish their demise.

But the disaster on the flat was not the one I expected. Halfway down the knoll I stopped to look again. Charlie Otter had crawled behind the corpse of his pony and by firing with his old pistol at powder-burn range had dropped a big bull about four feet from him. Charlie Otter cuddled against the belly of his horse until they seemed one beast. Sending up a thundering noise and boing dust, the charging herd split at the fallen bull and flowed around Charlie Otter's dead pony. He disappeared in the dust. I looked for Knows Nothing. He had fallen too far from his pony to get back and had lost his short bow. The herd swept toward him. He crouched to await them. He looked as if he was singing his death song and preparing to use his fists against the buffaloes that now pounded onto and across him. In the great fog of dust he went out of sight.

In a moment he reappeared. Fantastic horseman that he was, Knows Nothing had grabbed a buffalo's mane, swung up under the neck of the beast and was riding on the hump with one fist full of hair and the other hand waving joyously in the air. I should not have been so surprised. I had seen him do the same thing as a game with



horses. His problem was far from over, for he was vanishing toward the plains in the front rank of more than 300 hysterical stampeding buffaloes. But there was more to think about now than Knows Nothing's predicament.

One virtue of the Comanches and most other Indians of the Southwest is their reluctance to leave a fallen comrade who shows the smallest sign of life. The wounded man has a right—the Apaches call it *nah-wah-kah kah-el-kek*—to decide his own fate and if he thinks his situation is hopeless he can demand to be abandoned. But there was no leisure for such speculation in this instance. The fastest horsemen had already overridden the far edge of the herd before they knew Charlie Otter and Knows Nothing were down. The others, however, saw them fall and began at once to unleash arrows toward the leading buffaloes, although it was like trying to stop a flash flood by throwing sticks into the water. Two warriors peeled off and rode to pick up Charlie Otter and Knows Nothing. Picking up a prone man at a full gallop is a common talent for a horse Indian, but in this case Charlie Otter and Knows Nothing were hustling for themselves and the others never did reach them. Both of the rescuing warriors—whom I did not identify at the distance—were sideways to the herd and riding hard toward their comrades when the buffaloes hit them. I saw one pony flung into the air, come down on the close-packed backs of the herd and then bounce along, kicking and mortally injured. Neither warrior did I see.

The Quahadi formed prongs on either side of the herd and proceeded with the hunt. Some were using short, thick lances and some were shooting metal-tipped dogwood arrows with their short bows reinforced with deer sinew for power. The bowmen aimed their arrows behind the short ribs, hoping the shafts would drive forward and down into the lungs or heart, and they rode in so close to the beasts that they often could yank out and reuse arrows that did not penetrate far enough. The lancers used both hands on their weapons, thrusting deep as the wounded animals tried to turn and gore them. Some Quahadi

were shooting pistols and three or four had carbines, since a single-shot weapon was no good for that type of action. As they rode they tried to kill paths into the center of the herd where the cows, calves and yearlings were running, as those provided the choicest meats. I could see Quahadi heads bobbing amidst the herd and beasts fell and hawled in the dust. Eventually the Quahadi would work their way out of the herd, unless the herd happened to stampede off a bluff or into an arroyo, in which event the Quahadi in the middle were bound to go along.

As I ran toward my horse I had forgotten about the hunters on the mesa. The dust was thick on the flat in the wake of the herd, but I could see something moving. It was Charlie Otter, standing up, slapping the dust off himself, feeling his bones. Then he went down again. I heard booming from the mesa. The intruders up there were shooting at Charlie Otter. Maybe they were shooting at anything that moved, hoping to get themselves a buffalo by luck. Regardless of their intention, that was no way for a fellow to conduct himself. There was another movement in the dust and I heard hoofs and knew someone had ridden out for Charlie Otter. When I got down to my horse Charlie Otter came in on the back of another warrior's pony. His face and body were covered with dust, blood and bruises and his mood was no better than you might suppose.

"We are going to kill them all," he said, glaring at me. "What do you say?"

"I wouldn't have thought it to be any other way."

That was the truth. Two Comanches were dead and vengeance was inevitable, if not against the hunters on the mesa, then against the first two whites the Quahadi found, and I figured they might as well get the right ones.

"Good," he said. "You shoot at them from here with your long gun and we will circle the mesa and attack them from behind."

"Begging your pardon, old friend," I said. "Not that I would presume to tell a great warrior how to . . ."

"No speeches now," he said.

"They think we're chasing buffaloes. I suggest we ride down this wash and get them without warning."

"You are right," he said. "They are that stupid."

We set off down the wash with Charlie Otter mounted behind a warrior called Curly who had curly chestnut hair, the result of dubious breeding. We came up out of the wash into a mesquite thicket full of horseflies. The far side of the mesa had an easy slope. We left our horses with a young warrior who was not pleased by the duty and crept up the slope. I am a quiet mover, which knack has been most helpful in my survival to date, but beside those Antelope people I sounded like a pregnant hog. Our stealth was not entirely necessary. We could hear the hunters from 70 yards away. They were cursing and banging pots and pans and tossing gear into a wagon that we came across the track of. Creeping near and lying on my stom-

continued

ach I parted a mesquite bush and could see the wagon. My, it was a grand one. It had spring seats which experienced hunters would have discarded in Indian country so as to sit on the bed of the wagon for the protection of its sideboards—and water barrels and skillets and coffee pots tied all over it.

There were five men rather than four. One was clearly a skinner they had hired. He was a man of the plains and he was afraid. He kept looking in our direction and begging the others to hurry. A tall, paunchy fellow with sideburns told him in an English accent to shut up.

"You shouldn't be shot at them bufflers and you sure shouldn't be shot at them Indians," said the skinner.

"It was marvelous fun," said the tall fellow, who was wearing shiny leather boots and a kind of cork helmet that I had never before seen the likes of. "Did you see them scatter? Noble redmen, what? By George, savages are all alike. Cowards every one."

I glanced over at Charlie Otter, whose dirty face had the nastiest look on it I ever saw although he couldn't have understood more than a few words of what the Englishman said. Charlie Otter was not my idea of noble, but he had dignity and pride according to anybody's view. If he had been a coward he would have been working with the women. The other hunters began to chatter at each other about what a pleasure it had been shooting at buffaloes and Indians. The skinner turned his head anxiously as if he could already smell us. So Charlie Otter shot him through the chest with an arrow and he fell thrashing and squirming and was lucky, at that.

The others were game. A skinny blond boy who looked and sounded like an Easterner fired his big Sharps .45 at us pointblank as we rushed them, and the kick of it knocked him against the wagon and out cold. A fat boy, not more than 17 and on vacation from school by the looks of him, swung at Curly with a cooking pot before Curly laid him out with the side of an axe. The tall fellow shouted something I could not discern. It sounded like a regimental battle cry. He began shooting with a revolver at a warrior called Creek Slayer. Creek Slay-

er also had a revolver and from a distance of 30 feet the two emptied their pistols at each other without either being nicked. In my life I never saw more than a handful of Indians who could shoot a firearm with accuracy. There were many fights the Indians would have won if they hadn't shot high. But I would have expected better of the Englishman, who stood rigid, shouting his weird cry and blasting away until his ammunition was gone, whereupon he threw down his pistol and raised his hands and said, "I surrender with honor. There's a good sport." Creek Slayer hit him on the head and knocked him into the dirt.

The last member of the party was canner than the rest. He ran for his horse, shooting back over his shoulder as he went. He was mounted before Charlie Otter put an arrow between his shoulder blades. He came down sideways into a cactus.

So now we had them all. One dead, one dying and three in assorted degrees of consciousness. I had hoped they would all be killed in a sudden fight, as I could take no pleasure in what was coming next. Charlie Otter scalped the skinner and the one who had run. The Englishman with the sideburns was awake and watching. His eyes were wide and yellow and he had a goofy look on his face, as if the blow had added him.

"Thank the good Lord," he said, looking at me. "A white man, I believe."

I didn't answer, for I had nothing to tell that he would not almost immediately know.

"I am Colonel [redacted]," he said and identified his British unit as if it could possibly matter to me or to the Quahadi, who were sharpening stakes out of mesquite. "These nice young chaps," he said, indicating the fat boy and the blond boy, "are my nephews from Boston. My sister married a colonial, you see, common chap but decent enough and quite rich. Those others"—he looked at the two scalps that Charlie Otter was rubbing dirt on the fleshy sides of—"were until recently commercial sorts who hired out their services to us up on the Cimarron."

Curly and Creek Slayer had finished three stakes.

"I've had ever so much experience in dealing with savages," the colonel said. "I understand that a ransom is required and we are quite willing to pay whatever you ask. Trusting that it will be reasonable, of course, but you seem a reasonable chap to me, my dear man. Didn't I see you last year up in Kansas? I was with Lord T [redacted]'s party. Oh, what a gorgeous hunt it was. We killed hundreds of buffaloes, littered the plains with them, all in a sporting manner to be sure, on horseback, none of this long-distance potting. We had the most marvelous bisteps made. I've got one on the wall of my mess. They're enormously envy-making. You've no idea how many officers are planning to come to the colonies to hunt buffaloes."

He went on and on until at last I said, "You shouldn't have come here."

"Dear man, why ever not? I made inquiries of the Army and they told me it was perfectly legal."

"The Indians think there's a treaty." "But there is no treaty," he said. "Texas retained its public lands after the Mexican War and the treaty is with the United States, so the treaty does not apply to Texas. We are in Texas, are we not? I have as much right to hunt here as these primitives."

He continued with legalistic babble until I walked away and then he began explaining his rights to Curly, who grinned and nodded as if he understood every bit of it and considered it a whopping joke. The fat boy and the blond boy were staring at me with scared eyes.

"What are you going to do with us, mister?" asked the fat boy.

"Me, nothing," I said.

"You're going to let them kill us," the blond boy said.

"You broke the rules," I said.

"But they're savages," said the fat boy.

I looked away.

"I can't believe they would kill us," said the blond boy. "I'm only 16. I didn't shoot at them and I didn't hit any of them. We haven't been here an hour." There were tears on his pale cheeks. "I want to go home. I didn't want to come here. Please let us go home."

The colonel screamed.

"You're no Christian," said the blond boy. He could not fathom the situation. He had one of those churchgoing attitudes that confers its own order upon things.

The colonel's screaming took on a warbling note.

"Come on, Ronald!" the fat boy said and leaped up and ran. Carly threw his hatchet at him and missed. Creek Slayer pursued the fat boy into the mesquite. It could not be much of a race. The blond boy lost control of himself. Trembling and whimpering, he covered his eyes as he was dragged away from the wagon. I did not watch. As I went to my horse I passed Creek Slayer, who waved the fat boy's scalp at me and laughed. There was more screaming. I smoked a cigar and waited.

I tried to get Charlie Otter to burn the wagon and hide the bodies. This was the sort of incident the Army would use as an excuse to destroy the Quahadi, who were the only Texas Indians not already on reservations. He would not listen to me and he later suffered as a result.

On the way back to camp we passed the women skinning buffaloes in the flat. Buzzards wheeled above on spread wings and there were wolves at the fringe of the flat and coyotes out beyond the wolves. The women grunted and quarreled as they worked. The grass was brushed with blood and around our horses' hoofs rustled hundreds of small creatures—mice, rats, insects drawn to the slaughtering ground. The women wrapped the meat in the hides and loaded them onto packhorses and drag poles for the trip into camp, where the meat would be sliced and dried and the hides would be pegged, scraped and tanned. The Comanches had a use for almost every ounce of the beasts: the gall and bile for flavoring, the horns and bones for utensils and ornaments, the hoofs and horns for glue, the stomachs and bladders for bags and canteens. Where a white hunter might feel he was using up an animal if he took 60 pounds of meat out of a 1,500-pound bull, the Comanches barely left enough for a wolf to lift a lip at.

As we entered camp we heard the

mourning of the five wives of Beaver Toes and Lodge Maker, the warriors who were killed in the buffalo run. The women wept and lamented and rent their clothes. A Comanche woman's hair is not much to look at anyhow, being all backed up and dirty compared to the long handsome locks of the men, but these were pulling out their hair or sawing it off with knives and they had rubbed ashes on their faces. The wife of Kneels Nothing was there, too, looking sad out of respect but not mourning, so I surmised her husband had survived his ride on the bull's back.

I sat with Charlie Otter before his tepee. He was wearing the Englishman's cork helmet. The pipe went around the circle and we smoked it and some of the men prayed. Although the Comanches had no organized religion, no priests or holy books, they did believe in a life after death and in a spirit that was involved with the sun. After death a good warrior who had not been scalped

for scalping prevented immortality or rebirth—went to a country beyond the setting sun where the horses were fast and the hunting was fine and there was no war, darkness or sorrow.

While we smoked, several of the men prepared Beaver Toes and Lodge Maker for burial by washing them, painting their faces red and closing their eyes with clay. The bodies were dressed in their best clothes, their heads tied to their knees in a sitting position, and the bodies wound in sheets of buffalo hides. The wives, one of whom had torn off her clothes and chopped off the index finger of her right hand, went around giving away the dead warriors' possessions. Carly moaned loudly, claiming the deceased had been his closest friends, and was awarded a horse and a new axe. Of course, the names of Lodge Maker and Beaver Toes would never be spoken again, not only because of the risk of offending their ghosts but because it was improper to remind the mourners of their grief.

In a short time the bodies were ready. They were mounted on their best horses and were ridden off toward the burial place flanked by weeping women and followed by a few of the men, including

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me. We found a dry wash with a sharp crevice and wedged the bodies into the crevice facing east. The two horses were shot and left in the wash along with the favorite bows, lances and knives of Lodge Maker and Beaver Toes. The ceremony did not take long, as the Comanches believed—rightly, to my thinking—that such matters should be attended to with feeling but not lingered over. Then we rode back to camp. Ordinarily the camp would be moved at once, but there was too much meat to be cared for and too many hides to be scraped.

Charlie Otter called a council at which all but the younger men would have opportunity to speak in deciding whether to dispense with the scalp dance, the buffalo dance and the feast in view of the misfortune. I ducked into Badthing's *ho-ok*, where he was laying out peyote buttons in a crows' after the Kiowa fashion. I sat on a drum and watched. In a moment he looked around at me.

"You are concerned about the deaths of the white men?" he said.

"No more than I can help."

"I warned you what would happen if the spirits were defiled," he said. "Now go away while I pray and then I will come on and tell another tale."

A crier went through the camp announcing there would be no dancing or celebration, but there would be feasting. Hams were already hanging in mesquite trees. Humps were being skied to be fried in tallow. The women roasted tongues over chip fires. When the tongues were done they were served by a woman of virtue to men who sat in a hall circle apart from the women and smoked. That, too, was rushed because of the circumstances. After a happier hunt there would have been dancing until midnight and feasting all the next day. The women of Beaver Toes and Lodge Maker set up such a racket with their wailing that I had no appetite since both men had been young and healthy, the morning would go on for weeks.

The tepees of Lodge Maker and Beaver Toes were struck and burned. Sitting near the black smoke was Yellow Head, his sage cap gone and his eyes dull. No one went near him until Badthing arose from his tongue dinner and

raised his arms. The little Karankawa had put on his silk top hat and his red blouse. As he was standing near the fire, sweat bubbled in the black paint on his face and light glittered from his brass nose ring.

"Once," he said, "Coyote came into the forest saying, 'Make way for the King of Beasts.' 'Where is the King of Beasts?' inquired a hare. 'Right here. I am the King of Beasts,' said Coyote. When the hare merely stared at him, Coyote said, 'I will prove it.' So Coyote danced about on one hind leg with his tail in the air. 'Does that not prove it?' Who else but the King of Beasts could dance like that?" said Coyote. By then more hares as well as some birds, possums, beavers and other animals had gathered. "I am the King of Beasts," said Coyote. "Listen to this." Coyote began howling in his finest voice. "Who else but the King of Beasts could sing like that?" said Coyote. The animals cheered.

March with me through the forest and you will have nothing to fear," said Coyote. So they marched through the forest crying, "Make way for the King of Beasts!" They met Bear, who asked, "Why, where is the King of Beasts?" "Right there," a hare replied, pointing at Coyote. "Well, well, this is quite an honor," said Bear, stuffing into his mouth all the little animals he could get his paws on. "I have always wanted to meet the King of Beasts." Coyote ran away saying, "What bad luck! I thought it might work."

Badthing sat down and lit his pipe. Yellow Head did not look. At length Charlie Otter made a speech thanking me. I spoke in reply and when I was through I turned and Yellow Head had disappeared. Badthing stayed in his *ho-ok* eating peyote and chanting for the next three days while I salted and partially cured 200 pounds of hams that I could take back to a smokehouse. When I was packing to leave for Austin to pick up Barney Swift and go look for the mine in Chihuahua, Badthing appeared and presented me with a bag of marrow that I could spread like butter on my biscuits. He said he had had a most favorable vision for my journey. I replied that I would need it, and I did. **END**



"SHE'S STEALING THE BOAT SHOWS!" The largest crowds gather around the new Larsons. One glance at the 17' Volero 177 will show you why. Standard features include a stereo tape player, 18-gallon gas tank, convertible top, side curtains, stern cover, reclining sunbather seats, stern seats, side rails, and lots more! Outboard (without engine)—\$1595. Comboard w/120 hp. Mercruiser—\$3895.

BE THE MOST HATED MAN ON THE WATER in the new 19' Volero 197 Day Cruiser. Go ahead—stir up a little envy in your neighbors! It's easy when you have a stereo tape player, forward cabin with bunks, twin pilot seats, "sound barrier" engine compartment, side rails, and more! Comboard w/120 hp. Mercruiser—\$4745. (All prices F.O.B. factory).



Mercruiser stern drives have special advantages such as prop jet exhaust (one burner burns beneath the water) and lateral steering. Available in a wide range of power options on Larson Boats, they're serviceable anywhere in the U.S.

POWERED BY
MERCURISER
STERN DRIVES
World's leader in Mercox propulsion



Get rid of the old girl now!

Give in to your secret thoughts . . . dump the old gal. Cunning boat buyers know that this is the best time to make a deal for your old, worn boat—so trade up to a new and bigger, faster Larson! The regular boating season has ended, and your Larson dealer has time on his hands—time to give you special attention.

Go ahead—
compare Larson's advantages:

MORE STANDARD FEATURES—Larson factory-installs more standard equipment than any other brand, yet maintains a competitive price (other manufacturers call this equipment "optional" and charge extra for it). *Check the 1968 Boat Buyer's Guide, which compares the ten leading brands.

HIGHER TRADE-IN VALUE—Look through the classified ads in your newspaper and notice the trade-in values of various brands. Larson is dollars ahead!

THE LARSON TRADITION—As a Larson owner, you'll have the special confidence of knowing that we proudly stand on our 53 year old tradition of excellence. Also, we're the world's largest builder of fiberglass runabouts. We assure you more boat for your money for more boating pleasure.

Forget the repairs, the painting, the worrying—take a good look now at the exciting new Larsons and start planning a carefree, fun-filled boating season next summer.

World's largest builder of
fiberglass runabouts



For 1968 Buying Guide write to: Larson Boat
Lake Felix, Minn., Petersburg, Va., Nashville, Ga.





Ford made it hard to tell
at a glance
which are the competition cars,
and which are the road cars.

This year Torino isn't
going to make it any easier!

'68 TORINO!
Ford's newest bright idea.

Someone had tunnel vision—wind tunnel that is—and the result is the best shape Ford's middleweight has ever been in. Now we're not going to tell you that this turnpike express goes better because it's pretty, but like the man said, "It can't hurt."

Another thing that can't hurt is the improved 427 engine. This is the old rough, tough 427 forced into a shirt and tie. Hydraulic valve lifters and a new camshaft make this optional V-8 quieter, while practically eliminating valve adjustments.

Biggest news is a beefed-up automatic transmission that's been specially engineered for the 427. This is the automatic that lets you shift manually, too. It has a high-stall-speed torque converter, and higher shift points. With this rig you can be



1968 Torino GT Fastback easily converts to conversion to six passenger seating if you prefer.

as shifty as Gas Ronda, except no one in his right mind will call your Torino a "funny car."

If the gentled giant is more muscle than you need, consider Torino's all-new 302-cubic-inch V-8. Based on the thin wall 289, the little watch fob V-8 that's won more road races than Mario Andretti, this new engine is a bear for punishment. High lift cam, lightweight pistons, stronger crankshaft, chrome-plated valve stems, and a new combustion chamber shape are some of the things that make this one a future contender.

Torino offers a selection of four V-8's, which range from 210 to 390 horsepower. Just to make things tougher decision-wise, Torino also throws in three different transmissions, 3-speed all synchro, 4-speed

all synchro, and 3-speed SelectShift. Two decisions Torino GT makes: you get front wheel disc brakes and heavy-duty suspension with anything over 300 horses. They just don't build them in Torino land—they drive them, too.

Torino GT gives away things like a 302-cu in. 210-hp V-8, GT stripes, all-vinyl interior trim, styled wheels, wide-oval tires, and much more. In fact Torino GT is so non-stock the next step is learning to weld and building your own GT!



TORINO GT HARDTOP BASIC SPECIFICATIONS

Length	201 1/4"
Width	76 1/2"
Height	53 1/2"
Wheelbase	116"
Curb Weight (approx.)	3375 lb.
Trunk Volume	15.3 cu. ft.

Torino GT standard equipment includes 302 cu. in. V-8 engine with fully synchronized manual transmission or wide-oval white solid-disk tires. GT stripe, GT identification, all vinyl interior trim and GT styled steel wheels.

TORINO BODY STYLES

4 Door Sedan	2 Door GT Fastback
3 Door Hardtop	GT Convertible
2 Door GT Hardtop	Squire Wagon

TORINO ENGINE, TRANSMISSION AND

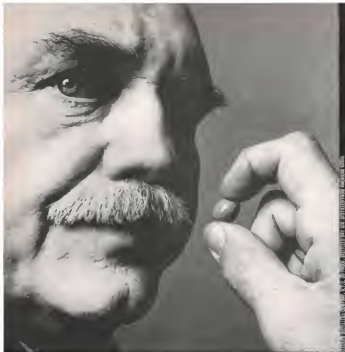
SHIFTER/GEAR OPTIONS

200 cu. in. 120-hp V-8	390 cu. in. 245-hp V-8
302 cu. in. 270-hp V-8	390 cu. in. 325-hp V-8
427 cu. in. 390-hp V-8	

SelectShift available with all engines including 302. 4-speed manual (close or wide ratio gears) available on all V-8's except 427 cu. in. Heavy-duty 3-speed manual available on all V-8's except 427 cu. in. Power front disc brakes, Power steering, Limited slip differential available with all engines. Heavy duty suspension available only with V-8's. Wide oval tires. Beadlock ply tires. GT handling suspension (standard with 325 and 390 hp V-8's).

TORINO OTHER OPTIONS

Selectable Cardometer
Remote control window monitor
Push-button AM radio and antenna
AM-FM Stereo Radio
Center console with bucket seats



My Secret?
Imported little olives from Barcelona.
And the perfect gin, of course.

Yes, yes, quite so.
But you must concede that the perfect martini is a matter of
private taste.
The only ingredient that must not vary is the gin.
The drier the gin the better the drink.
And the closer you get to Seagram's the closer you get to perfect.
Smart martini drinkers know that.

Seagram's. The perfect martini gin.



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA BOSTON (12-7) regained first place in the Eastern Division by beating the Nets 102-101 and San Diego 114-101. PHILADELPHIA (12-5) in second place by 23 over the age group, won its third straight game, including a 141-125 romp over the Bulls at Wach. Chamberlain scored 40 points and pulled down 24 rebounds. DETROIT (11-14) only victory in four games was 119-117 over the Knicks on Dave Berg's 41 points. (12-11-77) (11-16) took three straight, NEW YORK (11-15) finally broke a five-game losing streak by beating San Diego 126-102, and RALPHINER (10-19) clinched three of four ST. LOUIS (12-4-8) lead in the West stretched to 21½ games when the Hawks took three of four with second-place SAN FRANCISCO (12-11) lost two of three. LOS ANGELES (17-13) dropped both games it played. CHICAGO (11-21) lost first of two, ST. LOUIS (12-22) broke a four-game losing streak with a 111-111 win over the Lakers and then split its next two games, and SAN DIEGO (12-26) kept in the saddle, won one and lost two.

ABA MINNESOTA (19-8) increased its lead in the Eastern Division to 2½ games by winning four, while INDIANA (18-12) put its string together to five with four defeats. PITTSBURGH (14-12) led by Art Heyman, who was obtained from New York two weeks ago, led the Pacers for several games by upping its winning streak to seven with three straight victories. Houston moved to 31 points in 114-104 win over Minnesota, and 30-127-117 victory over Indiana. NEW JERSEY (11-15) split six games, including a 111-105 win over Anaheim in which Jackson scored 40 points, and a 104-100 KENTUCKY (10-16) won two straight. In the Western Division NEW ORLEANS (23-8) bounced back to 6-2 games with three straight wins. MINNAPOLIS (15-15) won one of three, while DALLAS (12-12) and OAKLAND (11-17) won four games. ANAHEIM (10-21) was two out of three and finished out of first place when HOLSTON (8-19) dropped three of four.

BOXING Junior Lightweight HIROSHI KOBAYASHI won the world championship when he defeated defending champion Yoshiko Naito in the 12th round in Tokyo.

Urbainer Welterweight GYPSY JOE HARRIS of Philadelphia extended his streak to 25 victories by knocking out champion Miguel Barron of Puerto Rico, in Philadelphia.

FOOTBALL—NFL LOS ANGELES (11-4-2) handed Baltimore (11-6-2) its first loss of the season, 34-10, and won the Central Division title (page 7). The college football games all set on the last weekend of the regular season. Capital Division champion Dallas (8-5) was defeated by SAN FRANCISCO (7-7) 24-16 on George Mulla's three TD passes; News-Bee noted their touchdown passes to lead PHILADELPHIA (10-11) to a 27-20 victory over Cleveland (5-7). The Gateway Division champion, and PITTSBURGH (9-9-1) upset Cincinnati (10-7) 27-10. The AFC East Division on the Steelers on up three TD passes with a pair of interceptions and two fumbles recovered by NEW YORK (7-7) game. Second place in the Central Division was won by ST. LOUIS (11-7) 17-14 as Fran Tarkenton tossed four touchdown passes, while CHICAGO (10-7) finished second in the Central Division with a 23-14 win over Atlanta (12-23). BOE Kellum came off the bench in the second quarter and threw two TD passes—one an 80-yarder to Dan Dierdorf—two to lead NEW ORLEANS (13-11) to a 30-14 romp over Washington (5-4-3), while DETROIT (5-7-2) won 19-10 at Minnesota (12-5-1) 14-10 as Earl Faison intercepted three passes. He ran one back 71 yards, for a touchdown and set up the Lions' winning TD with another. Indianapolis (10-10) beat the Colts, 17-10, with a 100-yard punt by Larry R. Jones, scoring with 117 points, Leroy Butler, Cleveland, rushed with 1,205 yards, Leroy J. Johnson, Washington, passing with 2,486 yards, and Charlie Taylor, Washington, pass receiving with 70.

AFL With only one week left in the regular season HOLSTON (14-4-1) took a one-game lead over New York (13-5) in the Eastern Division when the Oilers beat San Diego (14-1) 49-17 and the Jets lost to OAKLAND (12-1) 28-29 (page 8). The Baltimore Colts scored their first victory since 1958 in a 31-24 win over the Miami Dolphins (12-11) 41-31, while Eric Deaton threw three TD passes to Chris Johnson. KANSAS CITY (19-13) beat Detroit 31-13 38-24. One of the other Chiefs TD came on rookie Nolan Ryan's 106-yard kick-off return, the longest ever in the AFL.

COLLEGE Two dramatic goal-line stands late in the final quarter saved a 14-7 victory for NORTH CAROLINA STATE over favored Georgia in the Liberty Bowl. In other bowl games the UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT ARLINGTON beat out North Dakota State 13-0 in the Pecan Bowl, and TENNESSEE-MARTIN outplayed West Chester State 25-8 in the Tangerine Bowl.

HOCKEY—NHL With Bobby Orr put for three weeks with a broken collarbone, Boston BRUINS (18-8-4) dropped third in a row before beating Los Angeles 2-1. St. Louis (14-11-5-8) played four fourth to second—two points behind the Bruins—with three wins and a tie, extended the Blackhawks' unbeaten streak to six, while DETROIT (14-9-5-5), a point farther back on third, dropped two and won its fourth place (10-22-7) 11-10-10 tie two. NEW YORK (12-12-4) won one of three, and MONTREAL (10-12-7) took two and lost one. PHILADELPHIA (11-9-5) scored its lead in the West to two points with a win, a loss and a tie, while LOS ANGELES (11-13-5) won two games with the Bruins and dropped two to Montreal. Following a 4-point outburst, Seattle Seawolves managed three straight victories. Los Angeles (11-11-4) within a point of second PITTSBURGH (11-13-4) was 1-1-1 for the week, ST. LOUIS (11-17-5) won the game, tied the first one and exchanged places with OAKLAND (17-7-5) which lost two of three and fell into the cellar.

HURRY—New Zealand's ALL-BLACK team (10-10-20) closed out its 13 game tour of Canada and Europe with 16 wins and one tie (3-3 with East Wales).

BOXING—AMERICAN KARL MURRAY, named the toughest tall at the first Alpine symposium of the season, in Val d'Isère, France, placing in at the special slalom and third in the giant slalom. GERHARD NENNING in the first season, while Fritz Kald of the U.S. and Jean-Pierre Gaudin of France met for second in the combined. Two days later World Champion JEAN CLAUDE KILLY won the giant slalom for the French. Other Women's titles were GILLES PAUL of France, the downhill title, ISABELLE MIR of France, the special slalom, and ELISABETH THERIAULT of France, the giant slalom.

WILDERNESS—MERGED THE UNITED SOCCER ASSOCIATION, and the NATIONAL PROFESSIONAL SOCCER LEAGUE into an alignment of 20 teams in 30 different cities. The new league will maintain plans to operate next season with two divisions, the United, led off by U.S.A. Commissioner Dick Walsh, and the National, headed by NSFL Commissioner Ken Hatcher.

TRADED New York Mets Outfielder TOMMY DAVIS, 26, the two-time National League hitting champion who hit .302 last year, and Pitcher JACK FIORELLI, 27, plus two minor-leagueers, to Chicago White Sox for Center Fielder TOMMIE ALLEN, 25, and Infielder AL WELLS, 28, in two separate deals. Philadelphia sent left-handed R.H. ELLSWORTH, 27, and Catcher GENE OLIVER, 32, to the Boston Red Sox for Catcher MIKE RYAN, 26, and traded Pitcher JIM BURNING, 36, who had a 14-46 record, 992 strikeouts and a 2.48 ERA, the past four seasons, in Pittsburgh for Pitcher WOODIE FRYMAN, 34, and three minor-leagueers.

REMOVED As head football coaches, College University's JIM LALOR, 49 (12-4-8) for 15 years, and a devotee of Billie Jean King, University director and Bowling Green State University's BOB GIBSON, 40 (10-9) for three years.

RETIRED Former professional footballer to devote full time to his job with a waste firm, linebacker SAM HUFF, 35, a five-time All-Pro Hall player of the Washington Redskins the past 10 years but gained his greatest fame with the New York Giants (1959-1963).

RETIRED Left-hander CURT SIMMONS, 38, who became one of the first big league players to major league baseball when he signed with the Phillies in 1947 for \$40,000. Simmons, who also pitched for the Cardinals and Angels, had a career total of 193 wins, 183 losses.

ANNOUNCED The retirement meet June of RALPH FURLEY, 44, as director of athletics at Columbia University. After 24 years as one of the founders of the Ivy League in 1945 was the first president of the ECAC.

FACES IN THE CROWD



CINDY HANKS, a non-grader at South Eugene (Ore.) High School who was runner-up in the girls' one-meter event in her age group state A.A.U. West Coast Regional Diving Meet last August, won the first Oregon state title with a high-point total of 362.14.



DOROTHY CHENEY, a housewife from Santa Monica, Calif. who was ranked No. 3 nationally in tennis in 1937, took her 11th National Senior Hard Court title in a record—when she defeated fellow-Californian Mary Penning in the women's singles at La Jolla, Calif.



DICK EDWARDS, a senior halfback for SS. Peter and Paul High School in Saginaw, Mich., rushed for 1,363 yards, caught 21 passes for 485 yards, scored 15 TDs and threw three touchdowns in helping in pacing his team to its second straight conference championship.



PETER MARTIN, a senior at McGill University, gained a 15-12-15-9, 15-10 victory over top-seeded Samuel P. Howe III of Philadelphia in the final round of the Gold Krocway singles squash championship at the Rockaway Handicap Club in Cedarhurst, N.Y.



DON MARKUS, center forward for the Long Island University soccer team, received the Outstanding College Player of the Year award after leading the Blackhearts in a 14-2-1 season. Markus scored 35 goals as a sophomore, 27 as a junior and 16 this year.



DAN TOTTEROW, 22, a member of the Southern California Striders' walking team, entered the 35-kilometer walk for the first time at the Junior National Championships in Kansas City, Mo., and won, breaking the course record by eight minutes with a time of 3:13.4.

CREDITS

Circle: Top Edition Box Set 3, 100, 10, 17
Hank Johnson 14-11, 100, 100, 100
Tony Tuma 14-11, 100, 100, 100
20-100, 100, 100, 100, 100, 100, 100, 100
20-100, 100, 100, 100, 100, 100, 100, 100
20-100, 100, 100, 100, 100, 100, 100, 100

BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTH 1. VANDERBILT (5-0) 2. NORTH CAROLINA (4-1) 3. TENNESSEE (3-0)

One thing you cannot do against North Carolina is relax. Kentucky had a 62-59 lead midway in the second half when, suddenly, the Tar Heels exploded. With 6'11" Runt Clark and Larry Miller playing tough inside (together, they had 42 points), Carolina outscored the startled Wildcats 22-8 in the next six minutes. Kentucky's Adolph Rupp tried everything, even a 1-2-2 zone for a while, but the Tar Heels broke through for easy layups and went on to win 84-77. "No one is supposed to drive the middle on a zone," said Rupp, "but they did it." Four nights later Princeton had North Carolina 47-45 with only eight minutes to play. Then big Chris Thornfield got into foul trouble and, to protect him, the Tigers moved from man-to-man to zone. Carolina retaliated with a pressure defense, and Charlie Scott led the Tar Heels on an 18-2 spree. Miller scored 23 points, Scott 17, and North Carolina won 71-63. "I think we can play their man-to-man seven days a week," said Princeton's Pete Carril. "But we had to go to a zone. We have no bench."

While SEC favorite Vanderbilt was edging Davidson 81-79 and Duke 76-75 (page 78), defending champion Tennessee practiced its good defense in the Volunteer Classic. The Vols smothered Illinois 66-42 and then gave Tulsa—which had beaten Army 55-53 in the last second—its first defeat, 56-48. "I don't know when we've had a better defense," said Coach Ray Meigs, and that could be bad news for Vandy.

A strange thing happened to Virginia Tech in the Virginia-VPI Invitational at Charlottesville. Yale upset the struggling Gobblers 90-77. But co-host Virginia beat NYU 90-83. Two Big Ten invaders also won. Indiana outran North Carolina State 101-97, while Purdue, with Rick Mount getting 26, burned Tulane 107-92.

THE EAST 1. ST. JOHN'S (5-1) 2. PRINCETON (5-1) 3. BOSTON COLLEGE (3-1)

Boston College's Bob Cousy knew something was very wrong when St. John's led his Eagles 48-41 at half time. What he did not know, however, was that things were going to get worse, even after big Terry Dis- coll, who muscled in 46 points, put BC ahead 81-79 with 15 seconds to go. Carmine Calzavetta tied the score with a jump shot, and John Warren, who scored 20 points, hit

two free throws with 20 seconds left in overtime, to win for the persevering Redmen 91-90. "Beautiful," raved St. John's Lou Carnesecca. "We were gorgeous."

Duquaine set out to stop Billy Butler, unbeaten St. Bonaventure's leading scorer, and the Ducks did—he got seven points—but 6'11" Bob Lanier murdered them. Lanier made 18 of 22 shots, scored 39 points and Duquaine suffered its first loss 96-74.

The best way to stop Niagara's Calvin Murphy, figured La Salle Coach Jim Harding, was to let Roland Taylor, his quickest defender, dog him all over the Palestra. Despite this, Murphy, who had scored 41 in a 94-86 loss to Bowling Green earlier in the week, piled up 52 more, to lead the Purple Eagles to a 100-83 victory. "He's unbelievable," was Taylor's expert opinion.

All in all it was only a fair week for Philadelphia's Big Five. Temple beat NYU 74-65, and St. Joseph's defeated Providence 68-65 and Hofstra 77-69. But Villanova was beaten by Fairfield 63-62, and Penn lost to Delaware 80-68. Then Rutgers, thrashed by Princeton 83-54 and Columbia 95-64, trounced Delaware 103-84.

THE MIDWEST 1. INDIANA (5-0) 2. KANSAS (3-2) 3. CINCINNATI (5-1)

Dayton's Don Donohue, who is used to surprises this season, had one ready for Louisville, a 63-47 defeat. His Flyers alternated between man-to-man and zone in the first half, but stayed with a 2-1-2 zone the last 20 minutes ("I was outwitted by my assistants," admitted Donohue sheepishly), and it shut off all the Cards except Wesley Unseld, who managed 22 points. Meanwhile, Donnie May, playing without his knee brace for the first time, foraged underneath the boards for 25 points and 20 rebounds, and Playmaker Bob Hooper harassed Louisville with six steals. Three nights later May scored 21, and Dayton hammered Rice 82-58.

The Sunflower Classic doubleheaders almost turned out to be a real Kansas holiday. On Friday, in Lawrence, Kansas beat Cincinnati 67-61, and Kansas State took Texas A&M 82-77. The strategy, however, differed. Kansas' Coach Ted Owens, apprehensive over Casey's big front line, started Football Player Vernon Vandy, and he provided the muscle for the Jayhawks to out rebound the visitors. K-State's Tex Winter, though, benched 7'1" Nick Pino and put in his little men to press. That worked, too. Saturday, in Manhattan, Kansas

whipped Texas A&M 78-52, but K-State lost to Cincinnati 58-56 in overtime.

LSU's wondrous Peic Maravich lived up to his billing in the Milwaukee Classic. He scored 84 points in two games, but the defenseless Tigers lost them both, 96-94 to Wisconsin and 130-100 to Florida State. Wisconsin went on to win the tournament, beating Marquette 70-62 in the final.

Bradley, still unbeaten, won its seventh game, 81-76 over St. Louis; while Butler, after four straight losses, shocked Michigan State 65-55 and Toledo 73-70.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. HOUSTON (7-0) 2. OKLAHOMA CITY (4-0) 3. TEXAS AT EL PASO (4-0)

Nobody issued a proclamation and there were no parades, but it was Elvin Hayes Week in Houston. The Big E, bouncing around like a large jumping jack, was the big show at the Blackbonnet Classic. He scored 40 points as Houston beat George Washington 86-64 and 45 more in a 113-67 trouncing of Montana State in the Classic final. Hayes tapered off a bit against Brigham Young, scoring only 34, but the Cougars coasted home anyway, 102-69.

Oklahoma City, running and gunning in the style Coach Abe Lemons prefers, outshot TCU 98-56. Texas Tech, after a bad start, was coming on strong. Tech defeated Oklahoma 74-67, Centenary 83-79 and Loyola of New Orleans 66-63. But the SWC team showing the best early foot was Baylor. The Bears took Loyola of New Orleans 88-75 for their fourth win.

THE WEST 1. UCLA (3-0) 2. WYOMING (5-0) 3. USC (5-1)

About the only good thing that happened to Oklahoma and Colorado State when they got to Los Angeles was that they did not have to play UCLA. The Bruins were resting, but USC and Loyola of LA took good care of the visitors. In doubleheaders USC routed Oklahoma 76-63 and Colorado State 70-53; Loyola beat Colorado State 91-69 and then swamped Oklahoma 94-76. "Our defense disrupted their offense—like we think," said USC's Bob Boyd.

San Francisco's first Cable Car Classic turned out to be a rousing success for Santa Clara. The unbeaten Broncos first upset Loyola of Chicago 91-88 and then beat Western Kentucky 75-68, as Dennis Awtry scored 23 points and grabbed 14 rebounds.

Three Western AC teams—Wyoming, Utah and New Mexico—were still undefeated. Denyer made the error of trying to run with Wyoming and got clombered 107-75. Utah, which runs with everybody, out-gunned Wichita State 106-91 and Stanford 101-92. New Mexico beat West Texas 94-78 and Hawaii 84-75.

Tiger powers Foyt to 5th USAC Championship!

Foyt's victory in the 1966 USAC National Championship at the 100th Indianapolis 500 was a triumph for the Tiger team. Foyt, driving the No. 14 Tiger, won the race by a margin of 1.5 seconds over Jim Clark. Foyt's victory was the fifth in his career, and the first since 1961. Foyt's victory was a testament to his skill and the power of the Tiger team.

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Humble Oil & Refining Company



These championship
races were conducted
under the auspices
of the United States
Auto Club.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE PILLAGE

Sirs:

In its now not-so-brief history, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has made innumerable significant and needed contributions to American sport. With the article, *How to Stop the Pillage of America* (Dec. 11), *SI* makes a contribution of incalculable value to all America. Concerned people everywhere will appreciate *SI*'s stand.

PAUL HULE

Bellaire, Texas

Sirs:

It is gratifying to see you call for a "National Council of Ecological Advisors" as an "essential first step." This council would provide a broad, effective approach toward conservation of all our natural resources. I introduced a bill [H.R. 13211] to create just such a council in September of this year.

If the public is made aware of the problem, the need for action will be immediately evident. You have performed a signal public service in publishing your fine article. I would only add that people who are concerned should demonstrate it by writing to their Congressmen, expressing their dissatisfaction, and calling for action. I believe this is more effective than most people realize.

JOHN V. TUNNEY
Member of Congress

Washington

Sirs:

In Missouri the gross onslaught is not against one river at a time, but whole river basins. The only firm opposition to this pillage has come from a few private citizens, small canoe and outdoor clubs. These groups have little free time or money to oppose the large government agencies, big real estate and construction companies and large private enterprises, which all have full-time paid professionals who can persistently influence the legislature, the news media and the public for their own profit.

The canoe clubs' plea is not self-serving, nor is it for profit. We love these rivers, and we are grateful to you for your help.

AL BEHLE

Conservation Chairman, Western Division
American Canoe Association
Maplewood, Mo.

Sirs:

Good going! Your bold and needed article exceeds most professional environmental literature in terms of being critical and providing direction. Awareness, appreciation and good taste, like reading and writing,

have to be taught in our elementary schools. Environmental education is necessary.

RICHARD SPENNA

Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

Because of my professional interest I have exposure to a vast amount of programs, articles and speeches on this subject and in my opinion the article *How to Stop the Pillage of America* is the finest summation I have ever seen. I know that I am but one of the thousands who deeply appreciated it.

CARROLL REMINGTON
Publisher, *Yachting*

New York City

Sirs:

In our long and difficult struggle against the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers here in Arkansas we have at one time or another met with all the problems discussed in this fine statement of purpose. We believe that this article will serve as a guide for years to come in the struggle to salvage some of what is left of America's natural resources.

NEIL COMPTON, M.D.
President, The Ozark Society
Bentonville, Ark.

Sirs:

It seems to me that the most vital issue in conservation is the coordination of all conservation efforts. One group of interested citizens wants to save a swamp, another fights air pollution, a third tries to save an endangered species, but there is no coordination or real planning for the future.

We need a Department of Natural Resources, and a reorganization of the Department of the Interior to that end seems logical. We need strong federal action on many fronts, but we also need local concern. Too often we turn to science to save us from ourselves, but the one science most vital to us today, it seems to me, is ecology, one of the newest, for its concern is with the interrelation of all living things with one another. It is time that man found his place in the nature of things.

VERNE HUBER

Builton, Calif.

Sirs:

The work of Robert H. Boyle and associates should not go into limbo with the distribution of the December 11 issue of *SI*. This work should be available to all kinds of people, groups, committees, lawmakers, leaders, voters and non-voters, young folks and old, those militantly and those passively interested in what the article says and stands for. Perhaps it is asking too much to

have *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* supply reprints in unlimited number, but I would at least hope they could be supplied at cost.

JAMES E. RAY

Bethlehem, Pa.

• Reprints are available —ED.

BOYCOTT (CONT.)

Sirs:

Your article (*A Step to an Olympic Boycott*, Dec. 4) on Harry Edwards and his self-styled martyrs included some interesting statements from Edwards. He says, "We're not trying to lose the Olympics for the Americans. What happens to them is immaterial." Isn't he an American, too? He claims Negroes have been "utilized as performing animals for a little extra dog food." No one forces Negroes to enter athletics. No one utilizes Wilt Chamberlain. His "little extra dog food" checks out at around \$250,000. Edwards' plan to keep Negroes from athletics leads any thinking person to believe he has interests other than the athletes' well-being in mind.

RICK EARLE

Wauwatosa, Wis.

Sirs:

I am currently on active duty in Vietnam, and I have just finished reading the article concerning Negro athletes and their plans to boycott the Games. I think that they should boycott, because the injustice that they face is too much for them to take and still consider themselves Americans. I think this is one of the best ways to show the American people the way they feel about their treatment. Without them the U.S. will certainly lose, and this goes to show that we are a vital part of the society. It's a very disheartening feeling to think that you must earn your freedom in a free country.

I think it's time for the white society to stop trying to pick one individual to speak for the Negro race. They usually pick a modern-day Uncle Tom and tell the world that this is the Negro. This person is usually one Negro who has gotten ahead and thinks that he is home free because he is not losing in blood directly. The Negro of today feels that he owes his race something, and he works toward that goal. What really makes the problem stand out is that the same practices go on over here, also. The Negro gets the worst and most dangerous jobs here.

We have been under attack for the last three days, and I had a break so I dropped this letter so let you know how I felt.

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